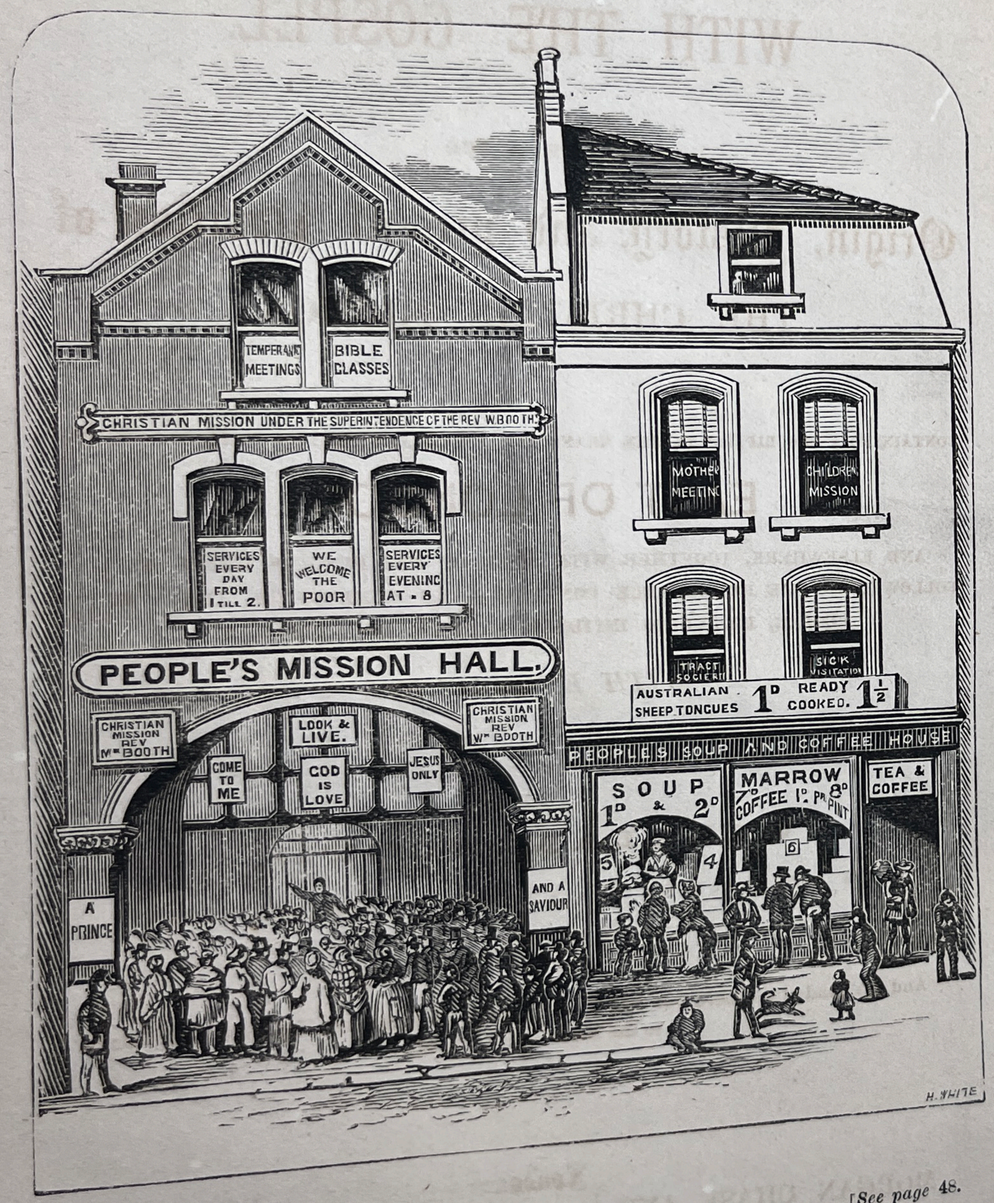

[*See page* 48.

HOW TO REACH THE MASSES WITH THE GOSPEL.

A SKETCH OF THE

Origin, History, and present Position of THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

CONTAINING A DESCRIPTION OF THE MEANS AND INSTRUMENTALITIES EMPLOYED IN THE

EAST OF LONDON

AND ELSEWHERE, TOGETHER WITH SOME OF THE RESULTS WHICH HAVE FOLLOWED IN THE REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF NUMBERS OF THE COMMON PEOPLE, INCLUDING INFIDELS, THIEVES, DRUNKARDS, ETC.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

BY

WILLIAM BOOTH.

WITH A PREFACE BY THE EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN."

"And the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great multitude believed and turned to the Lord."—ACTS xi. 21.

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PREFACE.

BY THE EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN."

Of Mrs. Gatty's charming "Parables from Nature," there are two which are to me specially attractive. One is entitled, "Not Lost, but Gone Before," and the other, "The Unknown Land."

The former thus describes the experiences of a Dragon-fly Grub, just before the change from his earlier to his later condition of being. "His voice was languid and weak, for the Dragon-fly Grub was sick and uneasy. His limbs had lost their old activity, and a strange oppression was upon him. Upwards he must go now, upward, upward! That was the strong sensation which mastered every other, and to it he felt he must submit, as to some inevitable law."

The second parable concerns a bird of passage, the Sedge-Warbler, who "sang to her tender little one of her own young days, when she was as happy and as gay as now, though not now among the reed beds; and how, after she had lived and rejoiced in her happiness many pleasant months, a voice seemed to rise within her that said, 'This is not your rest!' and how she had wondered, and tried not to listen, and tried to stop where she was, and be happy there still; but the voice came oftener and oftener, and louder and louder; and how the dear partner she had chosen heard and felt the same; and how at last they left their home together and came and settled down among the reed-beds of the great river. And, oh, how happy she had been!

"'And where is the place you came from, Mother?' asked the little one. 'Is it anywhere near, that we may go and see it?'

"'My child,' answered the Sedge-Warbler, 'it is the Unknown Land! Far, far away, I know, but *where*, I do not know. Only the voice that called me thence is beginning to call again; and as I was obedient and hopeful once, shall I be less obedient and hopeful now—now that I have been so happy? No, my little one, let us go forth to the Unknown Land wherever it may be, in joyful trust.'"

I am reminded of these similitudes of human life as my memory reverts to ten years ago, when the call of God was upon William Booth, "and to it he felt he must submit, as to some inevitable law." He was then a stated minister, with pastoral duties towards a limited flock devolving upon him; but a yearning and a longing stirred within him for another and a wider, though not a more important, sphere. God was saying to him, "Do the work of an *Evangelist*;" and in order to this he must, like Abram, go forth, not knowing whither he went.

The young Sedge-Warbler in the parable began to sing about the Unknown Land, until one day he encountered a magpie, who vented

himself thus: "How I love simplicity! and, really, you are a choice specimen of it, Mr. Sedge-Warbler. So you are thinking of a journey to this Unknown Land, always supposing, of course, my sweet little friend, that you can find the way to it, which, between you and me, I think there must naturally be some doubt about, under the circumstance of the place being itself unknown."

There are always chatterers like that, to talk to those whom God has called, but who must, nevertheless, obey the Voice, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest." And thus it was with William Booth and his true yokefellow—his gifted and devoted wife. They must give up home and position, present income, and future prospects, and go forth, with their little ones, "to the Unknown Land, wherever it may be, in joyful trust." And go forth they did, and as God was with Abram, He has been with them. He has had, truly, sharp trials of faith, in some of which, as in Abram's descent to Egypt, God's servant may have erred; but it has been the true pilgrim life,—a day at a time with God.

The mighty East of London, where, side by side with honest industry and honourable poverty, the destitution and drunkenness, the crime and shame of this whole land are represented, and to which are drawn not a few of the waifs and strays of all other lands, is like the "great and wide sea, wherein are creeping things innumerable, both small and great beasts;" and many to whom the Lord Christ has said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men," here find his promise true, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

The following pages tell a fragment of the story of as wonderful a work of its kind as this generation has seen. No doubt it is open to the same kind of criticism as the sculptor's chisel might award to the excavator's pick; but I do not hesitate to believe that for every essential Christian virtue—faith, zeal, self-denial, love, prayer, and the like,—numbers of the converts of this Mission will bear not unfavourable comparison with the choicest members of the most cultivated churches.

I close these brief prefatory words with the concluding sentences of a sketch, written some months ago, after spending a Sunday with Mr. Booth and his fellow workers:—"There is not in this kingdom an agency which more demands the hearty and liberal support of the Church of Christ. In the East of London are crowded and condensed a large proportion of the poorer labouring population of London. The ruined, the unfortunate, the depraved, the feeble ones, outrun in the race of life,—gravitate thither, and jostle one another in the daily struggle for bread; thousands are starving from day to day, and the bulk of these teeming multitudes are as careless of eternity as the heathen, and far more uncared for by the great majority of the professed people of God. Mr. Booth's operations are unparalleled in extent, unsectarian in character, a standing rebuke to the apathy of Christians, and a witness of the willingness of God to show his work unto his servants, and to establish the work of their hands upon them. In his name we commend this self-denying and invaluable mission to the hearts and prayers, the purses and cheque-books of his faithful servants."

HOW TO REACH THE MASSES WITH THE GOSPEL.

REPORT OF THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

ITS COMMENCEMENT.

THIS Mission had its origin in a few services held in a tent in Whitechapel. No plan had been laid down for future operations. A week's evangelistic work only was intended, and then the writer proposed to leave for a distant field of labour; but the blessing vouchsafed was so striking, and the harvest so promising, that the friends who gathered round urged him to make the East of London a permanent sphere of labour.

The call seemed to come to us from God, and from the souls of hundreds of thousands of dying men and women, sunk in poverty and misery. And after much prayer, deliberation, and conference, we accepted it, and settled down in this desolate and destitute part of the vineyard. All that follows in this report descriptive of what the Master has wrought through the Mission has grown out of this small beginning.

THE OBJECT OF THE MISSION.

Our purpose is to go out into the highways and hedges, and bring in the thousands who at present seem to be outside the pale of all religious influence and operation; who, if not positively and bitterly opposed to Christianity, are totally indifferent to it. In the East of London there are multitudes in the grossest heathen darkness, being not only without God, but also without any knowledge of Him, or of the way of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ. Turn which way you will, you may walk for miles, and everywhere you will find a dense population given up to all kinds of wickedness. Here are infidels, drunkards, thieves, harlots, gamblers, blasphemers, and pleasure-seekers without number. To use the words of a popular writer intimately acquainted with the habits of the poor, "We hear of streets in which every door would be thrown open for the shelter of a thief. We see, on little lots of waste land, groups of men and boys gambling. We hear terrible language even from young children. Of the teeming multitudes who crowd the squalid homes, if *homes* they can be called, which fill our Whitechapel courts and lanes, comparatively few, probably not one person out of ten ever enters a place of worship. The public-house rules supreme, with beer and gin for its

inflexible hierophants. No wonder that drunkenness, licentiousness, and crime abound in all directions; no wonder that the reeking streets are filled with lost and miserable women, or that the narrow courts should form so many nests for thieves." Here, indeed and of a truth, Satan seems to have his seat, and to reign comparatively undisturbed, keeping his goods in peace. The Sabbath is regarded as a day of pleasure, idleness, or business. The falsest notions of God, religion, and a future state prevail; consequently, misery abounds, sin is practised, and vice is rampant everywhere. In the very centre of this ocean of depravity and wretchedness, the Christian Mission has its head quarters, and to win these multitudes from the gin palace, the theatre, the concert hall, and the infidel lecture-room, to Christ and usefulness and heaven, is its special work.

But in other cities and towns of this highly favoured country there are districts as destitute as those we have described, though of far more limited extent. To some of these the Lord has so plainly opened our way, and so urgently called us forth, that we dare not resist. Nevertheless, we feel as deeply as ever that the East of London demands our first and strongest sympathies, and our most strenuous efforts.

OUR MEASURES.

The means adopted by the Mission are various. Indeed, we gladly employ whatever plans are owned of God in the experience of other labourers in the vineyard, or which appear likely to accomplish the object we have in view. Our purpose is to save some, and to this end we lay hold of them any way we can, "pulling them out of the fire." While we firmly maintain that all the good that is done in the earth, it is the Lord that doeth it, and that the salvation of a soul is of the Lord, and of Him only, nevertheless, it is evident from His word and providence that He works by means, and that He makes success in spiritual labour, as in all other, to depend on the employment of appropriate measures,—that those who, in dependence on the Holy Spirit, work lawfully and wisely, succeed. Consequently, from the beginning we have striven to seek out from God's word, and from the history of God's people, and from the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and from the very circumstances in which we have been placed, methods and instructions for carrying forwards successfully the special work in which we have been engaged.

From this it must not be concluded that our plans are new; looked at carefully they will be found to be mostly as old as the Acts of the Apostles. Amongst them first and foremost stands

THE PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL.

To this we attach the greatest importance, and on it we place our chief reliance. While we highly esteem and regularly employ all accessory agencies; nevertheless we place this first in the van, believing, with Paul, that by the foolishness of preaching God has chosen to save them that

believe. But how are they to be benefited by preaching when, as we stated at the outset, the great bulk of the people cannot be persuaded to set foot inside church, chapel, or preaching place of any kind? They cannot be saved by a gospel that they do *not hear*. Feeling this, *we go to them*. Consequently, one of our principal spheres of labour is

THE OPEN AIR.

We believe that God has given us a mission to the throngs in the great thoroughfares roaming about on the Sabbath day, and on all other days, thoroughly unconcerned about death, judgment, and eternity. It was these which He first laid on our hearts. To these we believe He has sent us with the glad tidings of great joy, and it is only in this way that we can reach them. Our experience tells us that, although their aversion to churches and chapels is as strong as can well be conceived, they will, nevertheless, eagerly listen to any speaker who, with ordinary ability, in a loving and earnest manner, will set before them the truths of the Bible in the open air. At any hour of the day, or almost any hour of the night, a congregation can be obtained in the great thoroughfares of London. And this is true, not only of the long light summer nights, but of the darkest and most dreary evenings of the winter. *Hence we continue our open-air work all the year round.* Our instructions to our helpers are, that while the people will stand to listen, they are not only to be willing but thankful for the privilege of proclaiming the story of the cross. With a bitter east wind sweeping down the Whitechapel Road, drifting the snow lying thick around us, we have ere now sought a sheltered corner, and found that a crowd would stand to listen for half an hour. Nay, in nothing short of a good down-pour of rain have we failed to gain a congregation. True, when the ground is ankle-deep in mud, it would be unwise to keep the people standing long. But even then, or with a drizzling rain, we sing a verse or two, gather a crowd, interest them with a few words, and then announce the meeting that is to follow indoors, where they can be warmly and comfortably seated to hear more about the same important subject, enticing them to follow us with a lively hymn, as we move along to the place of meeting. One of our workers in Bethnal Green thus describes their method of

MISSIONING THE STREETS.

As we go singing down the street, you may see the doors fly open, and the windows shoot up, and soon we have crowds of eyes and ears upon us from all sides. Every now and then we make a pause, sing a verse or two, and then give a short address, publishing the glorious gospel, and then we fall on our knees, and offer a few short, earnest prayers; then up and on to another corner, and there to a fresh crowd tell the old, old story of the cross. By this method we preach Christ to hundreds who would never go so many yards to church, chapel, or an open-air service. This seems to us to be one way of taking the gospel to the people.

SINGING.

In these open-air operations, singing occupies a very prominent place, and is employed very freely. This always ensures us a congregation. If the speaking fails to draw a crowd, or, as is sometimes the case, fails to keep it when gathered, one of our hymns, full of gospel sentiment, sung to *a lively stirring tune*, fails not speedily to draw another. By this course we have no doubt that gospel truths have been sung into the hearts of tens of thousands who would never have heard them in any other way: and the record of the last day alone will reveal the number of those who have not only been thus attracted to hear the gospel, but have been by this means led to salvation through faith in the Saviour.

True, this kind of work brings with it the result of which the Master spoke. It insures opposition and persecution; it rouses the hatred of men and devils. If you will stop quietly in your church, or chapel, or meeting-place, you may talk religion for ever, and beyond a little passing ridicule, the ungodly will let you alone. But *go out to them*, spread your gospel feast by the highway side, proclaim the truth at the gates of the city, or in the crowded market place, and they will gnash upon you with their teeth, and hate you as they hated Him who went about all the cities and villages of Palestine, preaching the gospel of the kingdom.

We cannot describe the kind of opposition we suffer better than by giving a few extracts from the journals of some of our workers.

A PUBLICAN AND THE POLICE.

So soon as our brethren commenced the open-air service, a policeman came and ordered them away, saying he would take them to the station if they did not desist. Brother R. said he should deem it an honour to be locked up for his Master, whereupon the policeman took them off. By this time a great crowd had gathered, and as they went along they sang—

"I will sing for Jesus,
With His blood He bought me;"

and then

"Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky."

At the station they gave tracts to each of the policemen, who were just going on their beat. They then commenced reading the Bible, but being told to sit down, they knelt down and prayed aloud. They were afterwards dismissed with an intimation that they would be summoned, and on Saturday the 20th, they appeared before the magistrate. A publican and others, with a lawyer at their head, appeared against them. Robert Baxter, Esq., kindly came forwards for the defence. The policeman complained of an obstruction of the thoroughfare, whereas, there were but some two dozen people when they were first interrupted. The publican complained that the preaching was a nuisance, that the singing, prayer, &c., disturbed the quiet of his customers, would not let his children sleep, nor him and his wife read. He ought to have said it troubled his conscience, for he once told us himself that he had been a Sabbath-school teacher, and that he hated drunkenness as much as we did; *but what could he do when he had so much money invested in the business?* However, the magistrate took no notice of his complaint on this occasion, but simply said he was sorry for the police to come in collision

with the open-air preachers; that there had been an obstruction; that the young men had shown too much zeal, and they must be bound over in their own recognisances not to repeat the same offence in that particular locality for six months.

The three following extracts are from the journal of a brother then labouring at Shoreditch:—

GETTING A CONGREGATION.

Last week, having taken our stand close to the Eastern Counties Railway Station, a young man came along and interrupted us. One of our brethren kindly remonstrated with him, and told him that if he did not leave his evil ways he would surely be lost, at which he threatened to knock the brother down. I went to him and said, that if there was to be any knocking down, it must be done in the ring where the people could see him; but we would first pray about it, and then he could knock us down as much as he pleased; but before I could get upon my knees he sneaked off through the crowd.

He had scarcely left us, when a drunken man came, and with curses threatened to break up our meeting. I took hold of him, and drawing him to the centre of the people, said, "Let us pray," and falling upon my knees, I called upon God to have mercy on the poor drunkard; but his companions came and dragged him away. When I arose, instead of the small congregation with which we had commenced, there was a large concourse of people, to whom we unfurled the blood-stained banner of the cross; and God was with us.

AN EAST END OPEN-AIR MEETING.

The Fountain, Commercial Street. Singing attracted a crowd of people. Knelt down and prayed. Sang again. While singing, a very respectable man under the influence of drink, came up with his wife. As soon as she heard it was a hymn we were singing, she wanted to go away; but the husband was so interested that he would not go, and began helping to sing. His wife tried to drag him off, but he would not move. I spoke of Jesus, and invited every sinner to come to him and be saved. The man wept and said, "It is all true, sir; I know it is true."

Brother H— next addressed the meeting, and the people were riveted.

Then a man came up, riding upon a horse, and swearing he would ride over us; but as the people did not move, he could not carry out his intention, and had to pull up, turn round, and ride away. The power of the Spirit was resting upon the people.

Then a half-drunken Irishman came from the public-house close by, with the blood running down his face, having been fighting, or something of the kind. He came raving, and, pushing his way through the crowd, cried out, that he would speak; but the Spirit of God took hold of him, and he said to us, "That's right enough, old fellow;" and listened until the meeting was over. Then we knelt down and prayed, and the Irishman falling on his knees also, and with the clotted blood on his face, said to me, "I am such an awful sinner; can God save me?" O, that it may be the means of the conversion of these two men. They both accompanied us to the meeting in the hall.

A NEW WAY OF STOPPING THE MOUTHS OF LIONS.

Another evening we were at the same spot, and soon after we commenced the meeting two men came up swearing at us, and sneeringly said, that it was all very well to spout; but that real religion was to help the poor, and give them something to eat. One of them I saw was a regular loafer, so I told him, that when in the past he had been able to help himself, he had helped the publican, and now he had to suffer for it, and that if I did give him anything he would take it to the public-house. The other one here put

in and said, "All that's true, sir; but I have a wife and family all starving at home for bread, and if you could help me I should be so thankful." I then turned round and sent a brother for a quartern loaf, and when he brought it, I told him to stand by me with it under his arm, while I went on with the meeting, telling how Jesus could save beggars and paupers, the tears meanwhile running down the poor man's face. I then gave the poor fellow the loaf; but taking him by the hand, I said, "Let us all pray that God may bless the food to this poor man's body and save his soul." The people wept; a great congregation had gathered; and the man, very thankful, went home with the loaf. He washed himself, and came to the Mission Hall, where he knelt and cried to God to have mercy on his soul; and I trust his conversion will be the result.

A brother thus writes of

OPPOSITION AT POPLAR.

Like men who have to remove mountains, we continue boring and blasting, and are cheered by seeing continually, hearts of stone moved and broken. The word of God is our armoury, the sword of the Spirit our weapon, and "Poplar for Christ" our motto. By the wayside and in the theatre, we sow seed, and in the hall we gather fruit. Opposition continues to do its worst. We have to listen to the vilest oaths, and, at times, calmly bear a few blows. On Saturday evenings the arch fiend rages most ferociously. The fact that they hate and curse us is of small moment, in contrast to the painful truth that many of them have passed through Sabbath-schools, and intellectually know the way of salvation. Such are the most profane; and invariably possess a double portion of the spirit of Satan. When we find it impossible to continue the meeting out-doors, we join rank, and in a singing procession march to the hall.

A week ago we were beset by a gang of six or eight mechanics, emptied from a public-house, but God restrained their violence. Several of them accompanied us to the temperance meeting, signed the pledge, and are now sober men. Amid all this opposition, God keeps us strangers to fear. And while rough hands are upon us, we experience our deepest yearnings for the conversion of men. God so often interposes for us, that we are always persuaded the victory will be on Israel's side. Though often prevented by the cries and yells of wicked men making ourselves heard by the people, a calm endurance for truth's sake creates conviction in many minds, and begets sympathy with the work.

Another brother tells of

POLICE OPPOSITION AT STRATFORD.

Evening open-air service. A lot of drunken Catholics going home from a funeral caused a great disturbance. The police ordered our people away; but we told them to remove those who were making the noise, as no one complained but the Catholics, and they did not reside in the neighbourhood. At that, one of the police attacked Brother L— in so rough a manner, that he could not go to work the following day.

On the Monday, I went with him to the station to report the policeman for exceeding his duty. I told the inspector that we did not pay the police to insult us when endeavouring to do good; and that unless the policeman came to my house and made an ample apology for exceeding his duty, I should report him at Scotland Yard. Afterwards, he came, and in the presence of Brother L— said, that he was very sorry he had so far exceeded his duty, and that if we would forgive him, he would never interfere again, but would protect us as far as possible. We gladly forgave him, and may God forgive him too.

THE WHITECHAPEL ROUGHS.

At Whitechapel, the sons of Belial, who have roared and raved against us

for many months, have been in a measure silenced. They had grown so insolent and daring in their opposition, that the other night, when Brother H— was speaking, the crowd interfered, and drove them from the ground. One or two were severely handled.

Exception is now taken to the processioning from the open-air ground to the theatre, and on Friday, the 17th, Brother L— was

SUMMONED TO WORSHIP STREET POLICE COURT,

for obstructing the foot way. A solicitor had been engaged, and a petition got up and signed by several parties against the preaching. Many things were alleged against us that were untrue. Robert Baxter, Esq., defended the case, as on a former occasion, in the most kindly, dignified, and Christian manner. One of the two witnesses brought up by our enemies said, as soon as he got into the witness-box, that he had nothing to say against the preachers; it was a wicked man who came there uttering all kinds of blasphemy that he wanted to put down. They brought him, as Balak brought Balaam, to curse us, and he blessed us.

The defence was, that for four years we had acted in the manner now complained of, without any objection ever being urged; that the police had not even requested us to leave the footpath, and that we could not be responsible for the wicked proceedings around us; that all these blasphemers would be there if the open-air preachers were not; that we were most anxious to act in concert with the police, and that if they would only communicate their wishes to us, we would comply with them as far as we conscientiously could.

The magistrate was most impartial, and stated, that though he considered an obstruction had been proved, yet, seeing the police had not requested Brother L— to leave the footpath, and there was a desire to conform to the law, he dismissed the summons. All the opposition to the preaching, therefore, fell to the ground. May God forgive those who moved against this effort.

Take the following from the journal of another brother.

PREACHING IN THE STREETS OF CROYDON.

Saturday, 15th.—Large congregation in the open air, and the devil raged sorely. Several Irish Roman Catholics tried to upset the meeting, but the word of God, which is sharper than any two-edged sword, put them to flight. Then these sons of Belial threw at us, from behind some low houses, a heavy old saucepan, but our heavenly Father guided it, so that it fell just outside our circle.

Sunday, 16th.—Missioned the streets morning, afternoon, and evening. In the afternoon, while some of the converts were speaking, they were beset by a number of mockers who got,

A WHITEWASH BRUSH,

full of whitening, and daubed it over their black coats, but the grace of God kept them from resenting this treatment in any other way than by falling on their knees and praying for the conversion of their persecutors. This so affected a young man who stood by laughing heartily at what he deemed a good joke, that it led him to think about his soul, saying to himself, "Surely there must be something about this people more than common." At night he came again to the open-air service and followed us into the hall.

26th.—An Irishman raved for a long time, inquiring at the top of his voice, who ordained me to preach. He was the means of getting us a large congregation; that accomplished, the policeman came and took him away, and then came back and moved me off the pavement. The Lord have mercy on him and on his mad countryman. However, their opposition does not stop the Lord saving souls. Hallelujah!

27th.—Open-air service. Freezing very sharp. It astonishes the people to see us out of doors every night, wet or dry, freezing or what else, telling of the love of our dear Saviour. However, I love the work, and I am sure it is doing a great deal of good. The sinners get wounded in the street, and He who wounds outside, heals in the hall. Praised be His holy name.

Feb. 1st.—Open-air service. Very wet and cold night. Still a great many people, and they were very attentive. One mocker kept on crying out, "Chain him up," while I was speaking. But pointing at him with the Word of God in my mouth, he soon retired. A young woman followed us weeping to the hall, when, after the service, she, with two others sought the Saviour.

PERSECUTION BY THE POLICE.

19th.—A mob gathered round, yelling and shrieking. To get away from them we sang up the street, when the opposition increased. At this juncture, down came the police, who, instead of taking off one of the ring-leaders in the opposition, laid hands on one of our brethren and haled him to prison. Our friends bailed him out, and on the following morning he was fined 15s. for joining in preaching the Gospel and singing the praises of God in the streets of Croydon. We know what was said about creating obstruction, but it was proved that there was no obstruction, and as to the disturbance, those who made it ought to have been punished. However, we believe the hearts of our Croydon friends are brave to go forward, and even to suffer imprisonment and death, rather than cease to proclaim the blessed Gospel of the Son of God.

Another brother thus describes

A FLOUR STORM AT BOW COMMON.

On Friday, March 18, we were singing from our open-air stand to the hall, when a man came out of a public-house with a chair for us to preach upon; we at once accepted his offer and commenced preaching, and though hell raged we got the victory. We had the largest congregation we have had in the open-air since I have been here, but we had not been singing long before a storm began to rage, and flour in paper bags came from all quarters. When the bags burst the flour flew all over us, till we were like millers. But in all this we felt Jesus' presence, and could sing, "I feel like singing all the time." Our enemies, not satisfied with the above, pelted us with mud and stones, and several other things, but victory was proclamed on Israel's side, and one young man that had not been in the habit of attending a place of worship for more than eight years, followed us to the hall and gave his heart to God. He is working with a neighbouring church, and when speaking his experience, he says, he shall have to bless God for ever that he was in a flour storm on Bow Common.

The next evening, opposition raged as it had done the night before: flour, mud, stones, and cabbage stalks were hurled at us from all points, but our friends were true to their colours, and all rejoiced to be counted worthy to suffer for the gospel's sake.

We close these extracts with the following incident, which occurred at Harrogate, when two of our brethren were assisting at some special meetings, occasioned by the opening of a mission hall, built by a dear friend in connection with his own residence.

ENCOUNTER WITH WILD BEASTS AT HARROGATE.

On Monday, October 17, we went out for the evening service on the Stray. During the day, Sanger's circus company had fixed themselves up close to our usual stand, and they were now just commencing their evening performance. Notwithstanding this, our duty seemed clear to go on with our work, and accordingly we began the service by giving out the hymn, "I'm a pilgrim, bound for glory." While singing this hymn, some of the people employed in the circus began pelting us with clods of mud and tufts of grass. Failing to drive us away by these means, they brought out their brass band, with which they made the most hideous discord, but finding that we were brass-band-proof they moved back to their tent. The next scheme was to send out a large bass and a side drum, and forcing their way into our midst, they stood drumming away in front of the speaker, whilst behind him stood a man who clashed in his ears a pair of cymbals; but, praise God! we were able to stand against drums and cymbals.

They then brought out a large elephant and two dromedaries, which they led up and down among the people, occasionally pinching the elephant, or in some way making him coil his trunk high in the air, open his mouth, and make the most alarming shrieks. This greatly increased the excitement already existing among the hundreds of people present. The roughs shouted, women and children shrieked, and every moment we expected some dreadful accident to occur. But God graciously kept us calm and self-possessed. Every time the elephant turned his bulky body round he sent our little band flying in all directions, so that we were soon divided into groups; but we kept on preaching. Brother W— was hard on in one part, myself in another. Some of the dear sisters laid hold of the coats of the circus people and preached to them, while John Hambleton, with his umbrella high above his head, to keep off the mud and other missiles which were flying about in all directions, was thundering forth the judgments of God against these blasphemers and persecutors.

The police now came and ordered them to take the beasts away, which they reluctantly did, but renewed the annoyance with the drums and cymbals, and collected together hundreds of roughs with tins and kettles. At this juncture, a man in the crowd, sympathising with us, commenced helping them to thump the drum; in a little while, finding it sound very flat and dead, they discovered the man had been striking it with his penknife; and so the drummer with his friends were only too glad to beat a hasty retreat, leaving us in full possession of the field, on which we gave out "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," which was sung most heartily. We then formed in procession, singing to the hall, and numbers followed, where a useful meeting was held. The persecution lasted just an hour and a half; but God was with us. The victory was ours; and we believe much good was done.

Such is the school in which most of our workers are trained. But while, however, they find it true as it ever was, that he which is born after the flesh persecuteth him that is born after the Spirit, they are often gladdened by the transformation of persecuting souls, and the gathering to their ranks of those who, but for such measures, would never have heard of the glorious gospel of the Son of God. While many instances of conversions, brought about by the open-air services, will be found scattered throughout this report, we give several here which we are sure will be read with interest:*—

A PERSECUTOR CAUGHT.

In the year 1867, a young girl, loosely attired, and with language and habits equally loose, might be seen as the foremost amongst a group of girls

* Throughout this report, the instances of conversion given will be of those persons *only* who are either still evidencing the genuineness of the work by the consistency of their lives, or of those who have been enabled to honour the Saviour by a holy walk, and passed, through grace, triumphant to the skies.

similar to herself, striving to annoy those "devil dodgers and ranters," as she termed our brethren and sisters, who daily proclaim the gospel on the Mile End Waste. One evening, while Sister C— was addressing the crowd, this girl, generally known among her companions as the "little un," attempted to interrupt, by saying, "You're all sinners, and going to hell;" they meanwhile urging her on by such sentences as—"Go it, little un," "Now give 'em a good un."

When our sister had concluded, Br. K— gave out the hymn—

"We are travelling home to heaven above; Will you go?"

Suddenly a change came over her, and silence was the only answer to the taunts of her companions, and as our friends sang the last verse—

"Oh, could I hear some sinner say, I will go;
I'll start this moment—clear the way, Let me go!"

she exclaimed, "At any rate, I will see where them devil dodgers be going to," and followed the procession to the Mission Hall.

What follows is in the girl's own words:—"I came next evening—the text taken was, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell,'—and went away more wretched still. On the following day, I was sitting in my room, singing and thinking over a hymn I had heard at the Hall—

'Hast thou just begun to pray?—Never give up!'—

when I said, 'Well, them people seems happy; if there's anything to be had I'll have it.' I began to pray, and ask God to change my heart. I believed Jesus, and instantly felt, oh, so happy. I spent the whole day in singing and prayer. My sister and some of the neighbours came and rattled a tea-tray down the stairs, sang songs, and tried to knock me over; but this only drove me closer to Jesus, and He helped me through. Oh, I was happy then."

Soon after, her father turned her out of doors for attending a prayer meeting. Finding shelter for the night, she passed two days without daring to go home, and without tasting a morsel of food. She has since told us that she felt so full of the love of Jesus, that she did not want anything to eat. From this time, she endured weeks and months of persecution without wavering. Formerly in the front rank for Satan, she now showed her colours bravely for King Jesus.

But another trial awaited her. Her father, from whom she had suffered much, had become somewhat reconciled, when she feared losing her eye-sight. Well do I recollect the look of resignation, as she brought her tracts one evening, and asked me to find a substitute for a few weeks, as she was compelled to go into the hospital.

We prayed with and for her; but she was so happy and resigned to this increased affliction, that it seemed scarcely needed. After weeks of partial and eight days of entire blindness, the Lord unexpectedly answered our prayers by restoring her sight, and she quickly resumed her place amongst us.

Although some time has passed away since then, she is with us still, walking lovingly and usefully. Her faith has been tried by the deepest poverty and the most bitter persecution, but she has found that He, who brought her out of the horrible pit, and "set her feet upon the rock," is able to make her stand.

The following letter describes

A MIRACLE OF GRACE.

Dear Sir,—I have reason to bless the hour that God put the thought into your head to open the Mission at the East End of London, for it has been the means of making me and my family happy in the love of Christ: it has turned me from a drunkard, blasphemer, and liar, to a true believing Christian.

At the age of thirteen, I went as a pot-boy, and remained so until I was sixteen. Here I got the flavour of drink, and I never lost it until I was converted to God, through the blessed words of Bro. L—— and Bro. W—— spoken in the open-air. When I look back and think how I have beaten my poor wife—it was through the drink—it makes me ashamed of myself. It was the word and the blow, but sometimes the blow first. After I got sober, sometimes it would make me ashamed to look at her black eyes; but I do thank God there is no fear of black eyes now; for we are very happy together.

I wonder I have never had an explosion, for I have been drunk for a week at a time. I am a stoker and engine driver. On one occasion, I had been drunk overnight, and not very sober in the morning,—I went to work at half-past five, instead of five, and, without looking to see if there was any water in the boiler, I began stoking the fire up. In twenty minutes' time the boiler was red hot. The water had gone from one boiler to the other, through me leaving a tap open that I should have shut. Had I started the engine with the pipe on, the boiler must have burst. It was a very large boiler, in the centre of about sixty houses. But the fright sobered me. There were about forty men at work there. It cost above £100 before it went to work again. But that did not alter me, only for the worse; for I went home, and broke up all my home I got worse, after that, for I cared for nothing. Half my wages went for drink, and my wife was afraid to speak to me, and the poor children would get anywhere out of my way. Afterwards I was discharged; but I soon got another job; but I could not leave off the drink. I was reckoned a regular "lushington." I lost place after place, and was out of work several weeks at a time; for they did not care to employ a drunkard. Still I would have beer somehow, I did not care how, so that I did get it. I have given one and sixpence for the loan of a shilling, and though there was not a bit of bread at home, the shilling would go for beer.

I have often had the police called in for ill-using my wife. On one occasion she ran down to her mother's, with her face bleeding, but I went to bed. When I woke, I saw my wife was not there, so I went out and got drunk. I came home, and got a large carving-knife, put it up my sleeve, went down to her mother's, with the intention of killing her; but they saw the knife. The police were called in, and I was taken to Spitalfields station; but no one coming to press the charge, I got off.

For some months before I was converted I could not sleep at night unless I was drunk; very seldom going to bed without cursing and swearing until I went to sleep, and woke up the same in the morning—waking everybody in the house with my cursing and swearing sometimes in the middle of the night.

Eight years ago God thought fit to lay me on a bed of sickness for thirteen weeks, and I was given up by all the doctors. When I got better, people thought I would alter my life, and become a steady man; but no, I was as bad as ever. While I was at work, another time, drunk, I lost one of my eyes by an accident; but that did not make me a sober man, nor make me leave off swearing and cursing. I was, in general, drunk two or three times on Sundays. The Sunday that I was convinced I was a sinner I had been drunk twice.

I did not think there was so much happiness for me; but I do thank God for what he has done for me. He has changed my heart, He has filled me full of the love of Christ; my greatest desire is to tell sinners what a dear Saviour I have found, and to tell them how I found Him.

From a Converted Drunkard, Blasphemer, and Liar.

As companion to the above we insert the following letter from:—

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Dear Sir,—It was a happy day for me and my children when my dear husband was converted to God through Brothers L—— and W—— preaching at the corner of Sclater Street. Seven months ago, on a certain Sunday, he was standing at the door, *when the singing attracted him.* He went to listen,

when a brother came and spoke to him, and induced him to go with them to the Apollo Music Hall, where he was convinced the Saviour died for sinners, asked for mercy, and obtained it through the blood of the Lamb. He has been the means of me seeking the Saviour, and finding mercy,—also two of his brothers and a sister; and we hope, through the help of God, to be the humble means of bringing many more sinners to know and love the blessed name of the Saviour; for it is a happy life to love and to serve God. We have five young children to bring up: may the Lord help us to bring them up in the way of religion. I HAVE BEEN A WIFE SIXTEEN YEARS, AND NEVER KNEW HAPPINESS TILL MY DEAR HUSBAND WAS CONVERTED. Long may this glorious Mission prosper, is the earnest prayer of A CONVERTED DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

The following is the testimony of a man about fifty years of age, given nearly two years ago. He is still with us, happy as ever, and steadfast in the faith :—

A DOG FANCIER AND PIGEON FLYER.

I have been a dog fancier and a pigeon flyer, but, through all, felt there was something more I needed which I did not get either by the pigeons or the dogs. On Sunday last, I was coming down Club Row with my boy, to buy two bird cages, when my attention was taken by the *out-door preaching*. I stayed and listened, and was much affected. I turned to my little boy, and said, "That is very good, isn't it?" and he answered, "Yes, it is, father." I was invited to the meeting, and, in the evening, I went. The truth laid hold of me, and I gave my heart to Jesus, and I have never been so happy before. I awoke this morning feeling so light; the burden had gone off my heart.

A WANDERING PRODIGAL CAUGHT BY SINGING.

One Sunday evening, an Irishman was passing down the Mile End Road. He had long been a wanderer on the face of the earth, and for many a year had lived a life of drunkenness, debauchery, and almost every kind of sin. He had just returned from Canada, and in the few days that had elapsed since landing, he had spent some £20 in riot and dissipation. On this particular evening he was far from being in a very happy mood, when he met us singing,—

"We are bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?"

He said to himself, "Sure, that is the very place where I would like to go." He followed us to a dancing room, and was deeply convicted. The following Sabbath he came again, and was retiring, when we met him at the door, and urged him at once to fly to Christ; he returned with us up the room, and sought and found Jesus. He has since walked with God, though, for a long time he had to work among many hundreds of men of the most debased character. In the midst and in the face of much persecution he was enabled to witness a good confession, and he is now a very useful helper in the mission.

Donbtless much good is done in the open air, of which we never hear a word. In one of his reports, the brother stationed at Limehouse thus speaks of

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

After I had done speaking in the open air the other evening, a man came up, and taking me by the hand, said, "I thank God I ever heard you speak in the Mile End Road. While I stood and heard you there, I was convinced I was a sinner on the way to hell. I was so much affected that I could scarcely stand. I went home, shut myself up in my room, fell down on my

knees for the first time in my life, and with tears running down my cheeks, cried out, 'Lord, save me.' I obtained mercy, joined the Methodist society, and have ever since been travelling with rejoicing in the way to heaven."

"The other week," he went on to say, "my father came to see me, from the country. *I tried hard to get him to either church or chapel, but could not; so I brought him to the Gaff*, where he was awakened, and he has gone home very miserable. O may he speedily find Jesus."

It will be seen from the foregoing incidents that the great usefulness of our open-air services consists in drawing the people to the preaching indoors, where, quietly seated, free from the distraction caused by the dissipating sights and sounds never absent in the streets of a town or city, the gospel can with greater clearness be set forth and apprehended; more pressing appeals can be made in favour of an immediate closing with Christ; earnest prayer can be offered, and an opportunity secured for personal conversation with the people. And in addition to this going out into the streets and lanes of the city with the free offer of the gospel, we have endeavoured still further to gain the ear of the people by

PREACHING IN THEATRES, HALLS, CONCERT ROOMS,

or places prominently situated. We strive to go where the crowd is. The devil and his followers act on this principle. They seek out the most public thoroughfares, and there push forward their soul-ruining business; and by so doing they succeed. We have been enabled to do this also to a limited extent, and have thereby won hundreds to the cross, whose faces we should never have seen had we been up some back street unnoticed and unknown. A brief description of the places we have occupied, and still hold will be found further on, and also some account of the blessed results that have ensued.

HOUSE TO HOUSE VISITATION.

Many of our helpers visit among the people five hours every day, looking after the new converts, hunting up the wanderers from the fold, or

VISITING THE SICK AND DYING.

As the result of the very public character of our work in the open-air, theatres, and halls, the Mission and those who labour in it are very widely known; hence in sickness, or on the near approach of death, our people are sent for in all directions. A more important work than this cannot well be conceived, and as far as we can judge in such circumstances, many most hopeful cases of conversion have transpired. We give a few extracts from the diaries of two or three of our workers, which to us are precious proofs of the usefulness of this kind of labour.

A sister writes as follows :—

A LION CHANGED TO A LAMB.

DEAR SIR,—A dock-labourer, living in one of the worst localities in the East of London, who was converted in this mission, called and asked me to visit a neighbour who was dying. My husband being unwilling for me to go into

such an awful neighbourhood, went himself. When he got there, the man, who was very ill, refused to hear him. My husband, however, continued speaking, and after a while knelt down to pray, on which the man sprang out of bed, and, seizing the poker, with fearful imprecations threatened to take his life, and so drove him from the room.

A fortnight afterwards I was much impressed that I had neglected my duty in not going to see this man myself, and decided to go in the morning. Accordingly I went; and, on entering the chamber, the dying man told me with an oath that he did not want to see or hear me; all he wanted was sleep. In bed with him was his little daughter, a child of about twelve years of age, sick with a fever. Thinking that, perhaps, I might be able to reach the heart of the father through the child, I commenced talking with her about Jesus, and found her totally ignorant of the children's Saviour. I now spoke again to the man, and, finding him a little softened, asked if I should read to him a story about a man who was once in trouble like himself. To this he sulkily consented; on which I read some of the experiences of David when in affliction. So ignorant was the man, he had no idea I was reading from the Bible. I then asked if he would allow me to pray with him, promising not to be long. To this he made no answer, so I knelt down and prayed. As I rose from my knees, to my great joy, I saw that the man was bathed in tears. The Lord had entered and broken his heart. I then told him, to his great surprise, that I had been reading the Bible, and gave him a copy with large print, and talked to him further on the way of salvation. On leaving, he begged me to come again, saying his hatred to God's word and people was all gone.

When I called again, I found him anxious about his soul; but he had not as yet laid hold of Christ. I urged upon him the necessity of being born again, and left him deeply convinced.

At my third visit I was privileged to see him cast himself at the foot of the cross, where he found peace through the blood of a crucified Redeemer.

He lived after this about six weeks, during which time I visited him every two or three days. Throughout he was enabled to rejoice in a pardoning Saviour. The last time I called, I found him imploring his family, who had come to see him, to seek Christ. We read and prayed, and had a blessed season together; four appeared anxious. When he bade me farewell, he expressed his full dependence on Christ, and told me that he would meet me in heaven.

A brother relates the following interesting case:—

MARY DOBSON.

Another redeemed one has gone from the East of London, to join the ever-increasing multitude who have gone out of *much tribulation*, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. What a change for Mary Dobson! Only a little time ago, Sister C. found her in the greatest destitution, and the grossest ignorance of God and eternity, in a small room, some eight feet square, and seven feet high. In one corner was an old bed on which she and her husband slept; in another was a bundle of dirty rags on which four children, the eldest a girl of fourteen, and the next a boy of ten, laid their heads; in another corner of this same little room was a shoemaker's seat at which the husband earned their daily bread. They had lived there fifteen years; all the children were born there; but the last three years it could hardly be called living; they had all but starved, the husband's earnings not averaging over seven shillings per week. When our sister first visited them, the mother, far advanced in consumption, was being held on one of the chairs, in an upright position, attempting the task of mending an old pair of trowsers. When asked if she had any food, it came out that there were but two slices of bread between the six; and that, as she could not eat bread, she was starving. Her looks only too plainly confirmed the story; and, worn by disease and want of food, she appeared on the very brink of the grave.

Her bodily wants were first ministered to, and she was then urged at once to seek Christ with all her heart, as it was evident she would soon have to leave this world; and before she could enter heaven she must be converted.

"Converted!" she said; "what do you mean? Is that what has been done at Bill C—, my brother-in-law? Something has come to him. He goes to some mission place, and does not get drunk, and beat his wife, and abuse his children, but brings his money home, and he's got a pair of black trowsers. Is 'converted' what's been done to our Bill?"

Some twelve months since, this Bill C—, who is a dock-labourer, and who was a lost drunkard, was awakened and saved in the theatre; and in consequence a great change had taken place in his home. Instead of living in a cellar, he had got into a nice little house, and had got some decent clothing for himself and family. This was a wonderful change; and the poor woman's first idea of conversion came through the change which she had seen with her own eyes, in her brother-in-law, Bill C—.

The plan of salvation, through faith in Jesus, was set before her by our sister, who left with her Mr. Gurney's tract on "The Blood," remarking that the blood of Christ, like the waves of the sea, washes away all filth.

"O yes!" she exclaimed, "I see that." After three days' earnest seeking, she obtained a blessed sense of sins forgiven, and rejoiced greatly in the liberty of God's dear children. Her peace from that day flowed like a river, and no doubt ever crossed her mind. For one whole week she ate nothing, and during two days she did not speak; but on the following day she revived, and told those about her what God had done for her soul. She said, "The first day I tried to pray, but could not; and it was the same on the second day; but on the third I prayed, and the door of mercy flew open, and *I* entered in; and since then it has been easy work to pray. I pray day and night. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I see troops upon troops of angels; and Jesus stands in the midst of all, waiting to take me home to heaven."

There were at this time four women in the room. She called them each by name, and, with a death-bed solemnity, urged them to give their hearts to God.

In a lower room of the house lived an old navvy, blackened by iniquity, and as hard as a rock; but what he saw and heard so thoroughly melted him, that he sought mercy and found it. A day or two afterwards, on our calling, he told us what God had done for him. We had the other members of the house together, and prayed in the navvy's room, and found it good to be there.

Three days before the death of our sister, she called her husband, and said, "Bill, sign the pledge, and give your heart to God, and train the children for heaven, and have no companions but Bill C—, for he will point you the way to Jesus. Oh!" she said, "if I could get out, I would make Burners Street (here her two sisters live) ring with the songs of Zion!"

Just before she died, on seeing some in the room, she cried in a rapture of joy, "Come and help me sing, come and help me sing!" and the rough voices sang our 327th hymn, that some of them had heard in the theatre:—

"Come, sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.
Then to my enraptured ear
Let one sweet song be given;
Let Jesus cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven," &c.

Then, "There is rest for the weary," &c., was sung, and then she exclaimed, "There is rest for *me*, rest for *me!*" Then was sung the 13th, "There is a better world, they say," &c.; and on Friday evening, 19th February, 1869, Jesus said, "Come away," and that redeemed spirit took its flight from that wretched abode of poverty and suffering, to stand before the throne of the Lamb, clothed with a white robe, and with a palm in her hand. There shall

she "hunger no more, neither thirst any more: for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed her, and shall lead her unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from her eyes." May we all meet there!

Another sister gives the following incident:—

THE DYING WIFE AND HER INFIDEL HUSBAND.

Some time ago, I visited a poor woman, far advanced in consumption, and found her a most pitiable object. She had been a very fine woman, but the withering hand of disease had reduced her to a mere skeleton. On conversing with her, I found her a stranger to God, and quite ignorant of the simple plan of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. I endeavoured to be plain and faithful with her, and left her, promising to come again as soon as possible. I felt she had not long to live, and earnestly prayed that God would reveal Himself to her, and give her peace. I saw her several times after this; but she was apparently unaltered; and I became intensely anxious about her. I knew that every opportunity might be the last; and as I stood by her bedside, day after day, I did not know how to leave her.

One morning I was requested to go and see her much earlier than usual, as she was much worse. I went, and, to my inexpressible delight, found that a wonderful change had been wrought since my last visit. The joy that beamed in her face bespoke the feelings of her heart. She was happy. The Saviour had washed her sins away in his precious blood; "and now," said she, "I am going to be with Jesus." She sang in a sweet, clear voice—

"Soon to Jordan's swelling river,
Like a pilgrim, I shall come;
Then I hope to shout salvation,
And go singing glory home."

It was the will of God, however, that she should suffer longer here; and she lingered two months after this, testifying for Jesus. She suffered acute pain; but I never heard her murmur. Sometimes she would say, "Oh, my poor body, how it does suffer! but it is nothing compared with what my blessed Saviour suffered for me;" then she would sing again; and thus she lived till the chariot came to convey her to the realms of everlasting bliss. I stood by her bedside a short time before she passed away. As I entered the room, she was singing—"I love Jesus—Hallelujah!" She was already in the river; the death-film had gathered over her eyes. She grasped my hand, and bade me farewell till we should meet in glory. She went triumphantly to heaven. To God be all the praise! Those that knew her in her life could not help saying she was a miracle of grace. Blessed be His holy name.

HER INFIDEL HUSBAND.

I had inquired, during her illness, about her husband, and was told that he was a man of infidel principles, and that he would not listen to anything about religion. Still I felt a great desire to see him, as I knew no cases were too bad for my Saviour; and I thought he might be won. I told her I should like to see him; and she begged of him to meet me; but he always got out of the way when I was coming. I was determined, however, to see him; and after waiting one morning for two hours, I had the opportunity so long desired. I felt that no place would be more suitable for conversing with him than the bedside of his dying wife; and I thought I might find a way to his heart by sympathising with him in his trial. Oh, how I prayed that God would help me. I felt that I needed heavenly wisdom; and God, who giveth to all men liberally, gave it to me. As we spoke of the dying one before us, I told him of trials that I had been called to pass through myself, how I had buried loved ones, and how that God's grace had been sufficient for me. He listened and wept. I prayed with him there, and then went home to plead with God for him in my closet.

I did not see him again while his wife was living; but having invited him

to the meetings, after his wife's death he became a regular attendant at the Mission Hall and Theatre. Gradually his heart opened to receive the truth; and after a little while, he embraced Jesus as his Saviour, and obtained mercy. He is now one of the happiest Christians I know. I cannot describe his former life better than in his own words.

"Saved from the gates of hell. From my youth up, I, for forty years, followed the vanities of the world. The devil has done just as he liked with me. I practised everything that was bad—man-fighting, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, horse-racing, gambling, and the evil of all other evils—drunkenness to excess; in fact, I have done everything that the devil could put a man up to do: but God, in His great mercy, opened my eyes, before I dropped into hell. The death of my dear wife was a great trial; but it was a very great blessing; for the seed sown then has been watered. I saw Mrs. C— only once; but I never forgot what she said. I attended the services in connection with the mission; and, encouraged by Mr. Booth's preaching, I went on till I found the Saviour; and now I am happy. I get happier and happier every day. I have given up all for Jesus. I have done with the glass and the pipe. I have washed my hands of it all—Glory be to God!—and, by God's help, I never mean to touch it any more. I have trials and difficulties: but God helps me through them all. My old mates in my workshop lead me a rough life; but I hope to bring them to Jesus. Oh, what cannot God do? Praise His holy name!"

From a sister's journal labouring at Shoreditch we take the following:

JUST IN TIME.

I was called to visit a man fast sinking in consumption. He had been a soldier, and fought in the Crimean war, but latterly he had been employed in a brewery. He was one of our bitterest opponents in the open-air. Standing over six feet, and of powerful build, he would lead on the rowdies in all maner of persecution. The first time I called he appeared quite indifferent, but continuing our efforts he was fully awakened, and I believe savingly converted to God. He died singing—

"I on the brink of ruin fell;
Glory to God, I'm out of hell."

As his feet were in the swellings of Jordan, he exclaimed, "He is coming, He is coming!" and then passed away,—another trophy of grace awakened and saved in the eleventh hour.

EXPERIENCE MEETINGS

Are often mentioned in this Report. A very good idea of the character of these services will be gathered from a paper which appeared in THE REVIVAL, from the pen of the Secretary of the Open Air Mission, entitled

AN AFTERNOON WITH WILLIAM BOOTH.

On the afternoon of Sunday, January 31, I was able to see some of the results of William Booth's work in the East of London, by attending his experience meeting, held in the East London Theatre. About two o'clock some of his helpers and converts went out from the Mission Hall, where they had been praying together, and held an open-air meeting in front of a large brewery opposite the hall. The ground was damp and the wind high, but they secured an audience, and then sang hymns along the road, till they came to the theatre, taking in any who chose to follow them. Probably about 500 were present, though many came in late. The meeting commenced at three, and lasted one hour and a half. During this period forty-three persons gave their experience, parts of eight hymns were sung, and prayer was offered by four persons. After singing Philip Phillips' beautiful hymn, "I will sing for Jesus," prayer by Mr. Booth and two others,

A young man rose, and told of his conversion a year ago last Tuesday, thanking God that he had been kept through the year.

A negro of the name of Burton interested the meeting much by telling of his first open-air service, which he had held during the past week in Ratcliffe Highway, one of the worst places in London. He said, when the people saw him kneel in the gutter, engaged in prayer for them, they thought he was mad.

Hymn, "Christ, He sits on Zion's Hill."

A young man under the right hand gallery having briefly spoken, one of Mr. Booth's helpers, a Yorkshireman, with a strong voice and a hearty manner, told of the open-air meetings, the opposition they encountered, and his determination to go on, in spite of all opposition from men and devils.

A middle-aged man on the right, a sailor, told how he was brought to Christ during his passage home from Columbo. One of the Dublin tracts, entitled "John's Difficulty," was the means of his conversion.

A young man to the right having told how, as a backslider, he had recently been restored, a cabman said he had a deal to talk about. The Lord had pardoned all his sins. He used to be in the public-houses constantly, but he thanked God he ever heard William Booth, for it led to his conversion.

Three young men on the right then spoke. The first, who comes five miles to these meetings, told how he was lost through the drink, and restored by the gospel; the second said he was unspeakably happy; and the third said he would go to the stake for Christ.

A middle-aged man in the centre spoke of his many trials. His sight was failing him, that of one eye having gone entirely, but the light of Christ shone brilliantly in his soul.

Hymn, "Let us walk in the light," &c.

A young man described his feelings as he had recently passed the place where he was born; and a sister followed with some reflections on the same subject, and then spoke of her husband's conversion, and how they were both now rejoicing in God.

After a young man on the left had told how his soul had recently revived, another young man on the right testified to the Lord having pardoned his sins in the theatre on the previous Sunday.

Two sailors followed each other. The first spoke of his conversion through reading a tract while on his way to the Indies four months ago. The other said he was going to sea next week, and was going to take some Bibles, hymns, and tracts with him, to see what could be done for Christ on board. He thought the conversion of sailors was fulfilling the passage, "The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee."

Hymn,

"I believe I shall be there,
And walk with Him in white."

A young man of the name of John, sometimes called "Young Hallelujah," told of his trials while selling fish in the streets, but he comforted himself by saying, "'Tis better on before." He had been drawn out in prayer at midnight on the previous night, and had dreamed all night that he was in a prayer-meeting. He was followed by another, a converted thief, who told how he was "picked up," as he termed his conversion, and of his persecutions daily while working in a shop with twenty unconverted men.

A man in the centre, who had been a great drunkard, said, "What a miserable wretch I was till the Lord met with me! I used to think I could not do without my pint a day, but the Lord pulled me right bang out of a public-house into a place of worship."

He was followed by a young man who was converted at one of the breakfast-meetings last year, and who said he was exceedingly happy. Another young man on the left said how happy he was, and his desire was to speak more and work more for Jesus.

Two sisters then spoke. The first uttered a brief inaudible sentence, and the second told of being so happy every day, and wanting to be more faithful, ending by a short, touching prayer.

Hymn,

"Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?"

A young woman in the centre said, "I well remember the night I first heard Mr. Booth preach here. I had a heavy load of sin upon my shoulders. But I was invited to come on the stage. I did so, and was pointed to Jesus, and obtained peace."

Another told of his conversion by a tract, four years ago, on his passage out to Sydney. "To my sorrow," he said, "I became a backslider. But I thank God he ever brought me here. That blessed man, Mr. Booth, preached, and I gave my heart to God afresh. I now take tracts to sea regularly. I have only eighteen shillings a week, but I save my tobacco and beer money to buy tracts."

Hymn, "I never shall forget the day."

A sister said, "I gave my heart to God at my mother's death-bed when I was nine years of age. Yesterday I visited a sick woman, who said, 'The tract you gave me, "The blood, the blood," led me to cast my soul on Jesus'"—another instance of the usefulness of tracts.

A stout man, a navvy, who said he had been one of the biggest drunkards in London, having briefly spoken, was followed by one known as "Jemmy the butcher," who keeps a stall in the Whitechapel-road. Some one had cruelly robbed him, but he found consolation by attending the Mission Hall prayer-meeting at one o'clock.

Two young lads, recently converted, having given their experience, a dock labourer, converted seventeen months ago, asked the prayers of the meeting for his wife, yet unconverted. Some of his comrades, during the last week, said, "What a difference there is in you now to what there used to be."

Three young women followed each other. The first spoke but a sentence or two, and her voice was inaudible. The desire of the second was to live more to Christ. The third had a singularly clear voice, and distinct utterance, and gave her experience very intelligently. It was a year and a half since she gave her heart to the Saviour, but her husband does not yet see with her. Her desire was to possess holiness of heart, and to know more of the language of Canaan.

The experience of an old man, who next spoke, was striking. Mr. Booth had announced his intention, some time back, of preaching a sermon on "The Derby," at the time of those races. This man was attracted by curiosity, and when listening compared himself to a broken-down horse. This sermon was the means of his conversion. The greatest wonder to his companions is that he won't drink. He loses a shilling every time he attends the week-night meetings.

Hymn, "Can you tell me what ship is going to sail?"

Two sisters then spoke. The first had been very much cast down for seven or eight weeks, but she comforted herself by saying, "'Tis better on before," though at present her cross was great. The second said it was two years since she found peace, and she was very happy.

A young man to the left told how his sins were taken away. He worked in the city, and some one took him to hear the Rev. E. P. Hammond, in John Street Chapel. He did not find peace then, but afterwards, as a young man was talking to him in the street, near the Post Office, he was able to see the way of salvation, and rejoice in it. He used to fall asleep generally under the preaching. "But here," he said, "under Mr. Booth, I can't sleep."

A little boy, one of Mr. Booth's sons, gave a simple and good testimony. He was followed by a young man to the right, and then an interesting blind girl, whom I had noticed singing heartily in the street, told of her conversion last August.

A girl under the gallery told how she found peace seventeen months ago; and then Mr. Booth offered a few concluding observations and prayed. The meeting closed by singing,

"I will not be discouraged,
For Jesus is my friend."

Such is a brief outline of this most interesting meeting, held Sunday after Sunday. But it is impossible to *describe* it so as to convey any adequate impression to the reader's mind. Mr. Booth led the singing by commencing the hymns without even giving them out. But the moment he began, the bulk of the people joined heartily in them. Only one or two verses of each hymn were sung as a rule. Most of them are found in his own admirably compiled hymn-book.

I could not but wonder at the change which had come over the people. The majority of those present, probably nearly 500, owed their conversion to the preaching of Mr. Booth and his helpers. How would they have been spending Sunday afternoon, if this blessed agency had not been set on foot?

In the evening I preached in the Oriental Music Hall, High-street, Poplar, where 500 or 600 persons were assembled. This is one of the more recent branches of Mr. Booth's work, and appears to be in a very prosperous condition. I found two groups of the helpers singing and preaching in the streets, who were only driven in by the rain just before the meeting commenced inside. This is how the people are laid hold of.

Shall this good work be hindered for the want of a few hundred pounds? This is the question for Christians to pray over, think about, and answer.

GAWIN KIRKHAM.

THE CHILDREN'S MISSION.

For many years we have been deeply impressed with the fact that the souls of the children are comparatively neglected, notwithstanding all the money and labour spent by the churches on the Sabbath School. Great pains are taken, we know, to make the children acquainted with the history and theory of Christianity; but their conversion, which is the main thing, seems to us to be sadly and sorely overlooked. That the *immediate* gathering of the children to Christ is the teacher's work, is recognised, we fear, in very few schools; true, it may be contemplated

as a very desirable end, and reckoned on as a possibility at some future time; but it is not the aim of the present moment, and, consequently, little effort is made to bring it about.

The ordinary services of church or chapel which Sabbath school children are compelled to attend, are, as a rule, beyond their mental grasp and intelligence, and, therefore, but little understood,—cold and formal, and, therefore, thoroughly uninteresting; consequently, so soon as the children are left to their own choice, they give up attending the house of God altogether, and not unfrequently exhibit a more bitter opposition to religion that those who have never been familiarised with it. Even when measures are taken to lead the children to Jesus, there are no means of grace adapted to their age and capacity, for the nurture and establishment of their hearts in righteousness; therefore, the impressions produced frequently pass away, greatly discouraging those who have laboured to produce them, and fostering the prevalent unbelief with respect to the conversion of children. Feeling all this, we resolved, that if ever opportunity offered, we would try services as much adapted for the conversion and instruction of children, as our other services are for adults. The opportunity offered, we seized it; God has blessed our effort, and made it a success. We have now two halls, each of which might be termed A CHILDREN'S CHURCH. But we will give a more particular account of the history and working of this department in the words of the brother who is in special charge of it.

"On the first Sunday afternoon in April, 1869, we held our first "Children's Salvation Service," in our late Hall in the Old Bethnal Green Road, of which meeting the present Children's Mission is the result. At this meeting God was graciously present, and five children professed to find the Saviour.

"The following day I told Mr. Booth of this precious service, and he recommended me to form the little converts into a believers' class by themselves; which I did. The only place we could obtain for our meetings was a dirty, wet cellar, used for stowing away lumber. This we had cleared out, and fitted up as well as we could, and in it for several months we had some most blessed meetings.

"Soon afterwards similar meetings were commenced at Whitechapel, Limehouse, and Shoreditch. At the latter place, every Sunday night we got together an average attendance of two hundred and fifty children; but here and at Bethnal Green this important work had to be given up for want of suitable premises.

"At Limehouse, under the direction of a devoted sister, the work is still continued with much of the divine blessing.

"On the 3rd of April, 1870, we opened a Hall in Thomas Passage, Whitechapel, strictly for children's services, and in it many have been gathered into the fold. Here we meet with the children of costermongers, thieves, drunkards, and such like—all unwashed and in rags. Our congregations

are indeed pitiable sights. Long before the hour of opening, the doors are thronged with children, some of them longing to hear again of this Jesus —for we meet with many who never heard His name, except in blasphemy. Some come because of their companions, others to laugh and talk, and others to create a disturbance. We generally succeed, however, in securing their attention, and awakening their interest; and many who come to laugh remain to pray.

"A few months after the opening of the room in Thomas Passage, we came into possession of an excellent Hall in Fieldgate Street, Whitechapel, which was also set apart for the children's work; and in it, from the beginning, God has been pleased to vouchsafe a wonderful blessing. The Hall is very near our central premises in Whitechapel, will seat four hundred persons, with a large vestry and small cottage for the residence of hall keeper. The whole are in excellent condition, being of recent erection, at a cost of about £600, and having had during the last year over £100 spent in improvements, additional fittings, and furniture.

"We conduct our children's meetings on the same principle and in a similar manner to the ordinary services held for adults. On the Sunday we commence with a workers' prayer meeting. At 9.30 there is the school, after which two or three short addresses. At 2.30, school again; and in the evening, at 6.30, a preaching service. On Monday also we have a preaching service, whilst every other night of the week is filled up with believers' meetings, prayer meetings, and Band of Hope, *all intended and adapted expressly for the children.* The Sabbath evening meetings are mostly crowded, and there are over sixty children attending the believers' meetings, who profess faith in Jesus as their Saviour."

The following, while referring to a particular night at Thomas Passage, may be regarded as descriptive of an ordinary Sabbath evening service:—

A SABBATH EVENING WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

Passing down the Whitechapel Road, with its glaring gin shops and teeming thousands, we turn down North Street, and in a few moments reach Thomas Passage, when we are surrounded by a score young urchins, who together cry out, "Please, Mr. —, mayn't I go to the meeting? the man at the door won't let us in." When we arrive at the little hall, we learn that these are old and incorrigible offenders against order, and so for once are refused admission. Inside we find some 300 children, ranging in age from three to sixteen years. Here and there we find a few respectably dressed, but by far the greater majority are children of the very poorest class. Many come with bare heads, and not a few with bare feet. At half-past six the speaker for the evening gives out a hymn, in which all join heartily. After a short prayer a passage of scripture is read, and then the address is given, which is generally listened to attentively; at times, however, we have to muster up all our patience and forbearance, and occasionally we are compelled to eject an unruly boy.

Now comes our prayer meeting; but, before commencing, the speaker has descended from the platform, and invites those who are desirous of giving their hearts to God to come to the front, that they may be prayed with. The silence at this juncture contrasts remarkably with the noise which greeted us on our entrance. None of the children coming to the front, we sing

Time is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh,:
Sinner! wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

A delightful solemnity is felt through the meeting, and we realise that God is present, for when we come to that part of the hymn which reads

Christ is earnest, bids thee "come,"
Paid thy spirit's priceless sum,

first one and then another comes forward until the forms around the platform are filled with little ones seeking Jesus.

While the service is going on, we notice in one corner a group of lads evidently greatly interested at something, and on coming up to them, we find that two or three of the boys are amusing the others with white mice and rats, of which they have their pockets filled. While we are remonstrating with them, a little girl pulls our coat, saying, "O do come and talk to this little boy and girl over here." We follow her to the other side of the hall, where we see a little boy and girl weeping bitterly. In answer to an inquiry put by us, the little girl said, "I know Jesus died for me, and I am trying to believe on Him, but I don't *feel* as I would like to; I want to be as happy as these children here." We told her that that happiness could only be had by believing on Christ with her whole heart. She said, "I've got two or three companions, and I'm very fond of them, but I'd give them up, sir; I'd give up everything for Jesus," Then turning to her brother, she said, "Charlie, we must pray again to-night." She is now resting in the Saviour, and has found the happiness she so longed for.

Space will not admit of me referring to some dozen similar cases which came under our notice this evening. Many who flock to our meetings never before heard of a Saviour, and they listen with amazement when told for the first time that Jesus came and suffered death for them.

The following incidents are culled from among many, illustrating the Lord's dealings with the children:—

NOT AFRAID TO DIE.

A young lad who had been a source of great annoyance at our meetings, and a dreadful profaner of God's Word, a short time ago died triumphant in the faith. When lying in the London Hospital, evidently dying, he sent a request that I would tell the children that he was "going home." "I'm going home," he said; "but tell them I'm not afraid; and oh, tell them not to swear."

VISITS TO SICK CHILDREN.

E. was ill with fever. During one of my visits I referred to the meetings on the coming Sunday, when she stopped me by saying, "I don't know that I shall be alive next Sunday, but I have been thinking of this text all the morning, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

K. was also ill with fever. On going to her bed-side, I asked if she was in much pain, she replied:—"Yes! I'm in great pain, but the Lord is very good to me. He has not allowed me to have more pain than I can bear." Some little time afterwards, K., who had been reading of a little boy who under painful circumstances made use of some of Job's language, said, while she tossed about in dreadful agonies, "I can say with that little boy, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'"

Coming from one of my meetings a few weeks since I called to see W. who had been taken ill. On entering his sick room I said, "Well, W., the Lord has been pleased again to afflict you." He answered, "Yes! but He doeth all things well," and then he repeated a portion of that beautiful hymn,

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.

"IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD."

A little boy about nine years of age, who some nine months since found Jesus, recently met with an accident which necessitated his undergoing a slight surgical operation. On his return his mother said, "Now, suppose the doctor had cut a vein, and you had bled to death, what would you have done then?" He looked up into her face and replied, "That would have been all right, mother; sudden death, you know, would be sudden glory."

LITTLE MISSIONARIES.

One Sabbath, whilst we were waiting the arrival of our exhorter, a little boy entered the hall where I sat, and fell into my arms, weeping bitterly. "Oh, sir," he said, "I can't help crying to see those wicked boys in the street. They set a big dog upon us while we were singing." I asked what it was all about, when he answered, "I do want to win some for Jesus." I afterwards found that this little lad and two or three of his companions are in the habit of going from street to street singing, and as the children gather around or crowd to the windows, they now and then stop, and in simple but earnest fashion, call sinners to repentance, and invite them to the services in the hall. I now find that we are largely indebted to these little missionaries for our increasing congregations.

MY SAILOR BROTHER.

At one of our Sabbath evening services a young lad came to the penitent form in great grief. For some time he was sobbing and weeping bitterly. We spoke to him of the scape-goat bearing away the sins of the children of Israel, and then of Christ who bore his sins on Calvary. He ceased crying, and then looking up, his face beaming with joy, said, "I see it, sir, I see it, He bore away my sins." He burst out in praise to God: but suddenly he seemed again filled with grief, and wept. We asked what it was that so quickly turned his joy into sadness. "O, sir," he said, "my poor sailor brother! he's out on the sea, and he isn't converted." We bade him pray for his brother, and united with him in supplication.

Although the services are strictly for children, yet it is not an unusual thing to see adults sitting by the side of the little ones, and sometimes to see parent and child kneeling together, seeking to know Him whom to know is life eternal.

One Sunday evening a woman brought her young son, who, a short time previously, had been detected in an act of dishonesty; during the service God's Spirit strove with both. The mother saw that she would have to give an account of her doings, as well as the boy, and so, side by side they knelt, sought, and professed pardon.

This is gratifying; but, on the other hand, our hearts are sometimes made to ache by seeing godless parents come, and not only drag their children out of the Hall, but often from their knees.

A YOUNG EMIGRANT.

One evening there was present a young lad, who was to leave England on the following morning to join his friends in New Zealand. He was graciously led to see how dangerous was the ground upon which he stood, and falling upon his knees in the centre of the Hall he sobbed aloud for mercy. In a little while he rose up, his face beaming with joy, and told us all that God for Christ's sake had pardoned his sins. More than once, when leaving, he turned back to bid us good-bye—to assure us that "all was well," and to promise that, when on board ship, he would be "a little missionary for Jesus." We have since heard from the youth, and are rejoiced to find that he has been kept faithful, and is serving God in his distant home.

We have also regularly organised

TRACT SOCIETIES.

At several stations, and are seeking to establish them at all. They are useful, finding employment for the young converts, and helping to carry the gospel to the homes of the people. The following is an extract from one report, and shows something of the discouragements and encouragements to be met with in this sphere of labour:—

This interesting work is now being carried on successfully at three of our stations. About fifty brethren and sisters are engaged in distributing two thousand tracts weekly, from house to house. In the face of much discouragement and, at times, persecution, they pursue their way regularly and bravely; and, although most of the streets which they visit bear a very bad character, for we aim at taking up the courts and alleys left by surrounding places of worship, they meet with a measure of success. The following are one or two of the experiences of our distributors during the last fortnight:

Sister A. met with much opposition in her district for some time, the people slamming the doors in her face, and refusing to listen to a word. Her patience was particularly tried at one house. The man was a Sabbath breaker. After continued perseverance, however, she succeeded in getting them to take the tracts, and gaining occasional bits of conversation with the woman. Since this our sister has been delighted to see that he has discontinued Sunday work, and attended the meetings.

THE HEALING OF A BROKEN HEART.

The history of one poor woman visited by Sister B. is a sad one, and to have been the means of bearing the good news of the gospel to such a broken heart is indeed a matter for thanksgiving. She lived for nineteen years with a husband who shamefully treated both herself and children. Three separate times she had been in the hospital, first with broken ribs, then with a dislocated ankle, and afterwards with a broken wrist, all as the result of his drunken ill-usage. Her little girl, too, was a cripple for life, from the same cause. Four years ago, he left her with the two children to support. With shattered nerves and little strength, she struggled on, scarcely earning sufficient to sustain them, until, a few weeks since, the last stroke of his brutality came. A kind brother had rendered her some assistance, and had taken the little cripple girl to his home, promising to keep her as long as she lived. The husband, thinking that the boy might some day bring him some money, tore him away from his mother. Heart-broken at hearing no tidings of him, the poor creature gradually wasted away. One morning, her mother met the husband in the street, and asked after the little boy, to which he gruffly replied, "If she wants to see him, she must make haste and come to such a place, for he is to be buried to-day." Scarcely believing her ears, she hastened to her daughter, and frantically they both ran to the house. Alas, it was too true. The boy, who had so cruelly been compelled to call a strange woman mother, was dead, and she had only arrived in time to see the closed coffin. Compelling them to raise the lid, she fainted across the corpse, inhaled the contagion and was carried senseless away. Fever followed, and whilst hovering betwixt life and death, Sister B. met with her. For a long time she would not be comforted, refusing to believe that there was any mercy for her. At last the consolations of the gospel crept in, and while upon their knees, one morning, she yielded herself to Jesus and found peace. She is now rejoicing in her Saviour. Her words to me were as follows: "I was unhappy, I was wretched; I wanted to die, but I should have gone to hell; but since that dear young woman talked and prayed with me, I have found Jesus. Oh, what a wonderful Saviour He is!"

Another sister writes:—

SAVED AT LAST.

Going with my tracts one Sunday, a man to whom I offered one took it and then struck me in the face with it. The Lord helped me, and I did not feel angry, but said, "The Lord bless you." The next door at which I knocked was opened by a young woman who was weeping. I asked her what was the matter; she said her father was dying. I asked to see him, and she took me up stairs. The man was very bad, and looked very unhappy. I asked him if he was saved. He replied, "No." Then I said, "Don't you believe Jesus can save you?" He answered, "No, I'm too bad." "May I pray with you?" I asked. He said, "It's no good; it's too late. I resisted the strivings of the Spirit, and now it's no good." I said, "Praise God, I know He can save you. We'll ask Him." So I prayed, and then sang, "The precious blood of Jesus." "That's good," he said; "sing it again." And I sang it again, praying all the while; and the Lord did help me to speak for Him. "Do you believe now that His blood washes you?" I asked. "Oh! I do believe Jesus saves me. I can praise God *now*."

I went to see him nearly every day in the week; he was always happy in Jesus. I asked him, the last day I saw him, if he would like to see any one else. "No," he said. "I have found Jesus, and He has pardoned all my sins; and no one can tell me anything better than that." When I called on Sunday he was dead. His daughter said he was so happy when he died, and said, "Tell that young woman, I bless God she ever came to point me to Jesus."

The tract distributor, from whose lips this account was taken, has been carrying on her quiet self-denying work for more than a year, finding her way into the houses of some of the lowest and most depraved. She lives with an ailing mother; and often knows what it is to go whole days without food; but however faint she may be, her work for God is never set aside.

MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

The following sketch of the Whitechapel meeting, written by a lady who devotes the whole of her time to the Mission, will not only be read with interest, but will describe better than anything we can say the character of our Mothers' meetings:—

Our mothers' meeting is composed chiefly of very poor women. The advantage of being able to get clothing by the payment of small weekly sums, is a benefit much appreciated by them; though often we are pained to hear the words, "I cannot pay anything to-day, my husband is out of work, and we don't know how to get bread."

The mothers' meeting is to many the one bright spot in their otherwise monotonous and dreary lot. They linger, unwilling to leave. "It is so nice to be here," one will say. And another, "The fire is so cheerful and warm." Poor things, perhaps, no fire awaits them at their comfortless little rooms, called home, and no food either.

There is among the women, a very pleasing spirit of union and sympathy, one with another. They are always ready to pray with and comfort any of their number who may be in trouble; and will volunteer to go and look after those who may be absent.

To some, the meeting is especially dear as the place where Jesus spoke peace to their souls.

Two young mothers, each bringing an infant, came one afternoon, through the invitation of a friend. We gave them a kindly welcome, and drew out a little of their history. The husband of the younger has been paralysed for two years, quite unable to help himself; *how* they live is a mystery. The other was a sister-in-law, living in the same house, struggling with extreme poverty. Warm Christian sympathy was something new to them, and soon, under the influence of the constraining love of Jesus, they yielded their

hearts to Him. Whoever is absent, we are always sure to meet our two friends; the look of care, almost hopelessness, has given place to an expression of hope and peace.

Often when we are singing some cheering hymn about the "Beautiful land on high," or of the "Saviour dear to many a heart," the poor women seem to forget their poverty and cares, and their faces light up with joy.

Not very long since, a poor woman entered our meeting anxious about her soul, and before she went away was made a new creature in Christ Jesus; joy took the place of sorrow; and she tells us now she is so happy, that often she lies awake in the night singing and praying.

The same afternoon the Lord saved another of our number. The first mentioned is suffering the deepest poverty, with scarcely clothes to cover her, neither bedding nor firing; her husband had been ill for fourteen weeks; all their home had to go, and they were on the brink of starvation. The man is still unable to get work.

"Oh, how *beautiful* that blanket is you lent me, I had it on my bed last night!" said one of our mothers the other afternoon; and the poor woman fairly laughed at the remembrace of the comfort she had for the winter. Her history is a peculiarly distressing one. Her husband, after a long course of brutal treatment, left her with two children, allowing her only the shilling a week he is compelled. She has struggled on some years, holding fast her confidence in God, and now she is suffering with a fearfully bad leg, and though she can scarcely stand, is obliged to go out washing when she can get it to do, or starve. Each of our mothers has a history, some of touching interest, which we could give, would space allow.

OUR MATERNAL SOCIETY

Has been in existence three years, and during that time has extended its helping hand to about two hundred poor women.

Beside a bag of suitable clothing for the mother and babe, each woman receives during the month 3s., generally in the form of nourishment.

Many are the cases of terrible distress which have come under our notice through this society. Often the poor infant is wrapped in an old shawl until the bag arrives, and then again has nothing when the things are returned.

Will our friends enter with us a miserable room. On what is termed a bed lies a poor woman recently confined. We see that without prompt aid she will soon leave her children motherless. By her side nestles the new-born infant, seeking for the nourishment the sinking mother has no power to give. The husband, who has been out of work for months, sits with a look of hopelessness painful to witness. To complete the mournful picture, three little children are crying for bread. Want had done its work on two a short time previous, and the tender Shepherd has taken them to His own keeping, and left the others for His people to tend. Did we need any reward for our work of love in at once procuring nourishment, and comfortably clothing the poor mother and infant, we should be amply repaid by the gratitude which chokes utterance. Would that this were a solitary case; but we could give many similar.

Not only has this Society rendered help to many a poor woman ready to perish for want of food to sustain the body; but it has led some to eat of the bread of life. One poor mother who, when just visited, was

totally ignorant of the way of salvation, died a few weeks after, rejoicing in Jesus, and blessing the instrumentality that led her to the Saviour.

BIBLE CLASSES.

Numbers of those brought to God in this movement have no Bible knowledge whatever beyond the fragments of truth picked up during the few services which led to their conversion. Therefore Bible Classes, always important, are doubly so in their case. At those stations where there are persons able to conduct such classes in an edifying manner, we have already formed them. At Whitechapel, Mr. Hamilton, a member of the committee, has a class of about one hundred members, mostly men; and we hope the time is not far distant when we shall have one or more at every station.

BIBLE CARRIAGE.

From the commencement of this work we decided, if possible, to connect with it the dissemination of gospel literature; but, as yet, we have not succeeded according to our wishes. First we tried a book-stall by the roadside, a cheap mode of operation; but far more stock was spoiled by exposure to the weather than was disposed of. Then we tried, one after the other, three shops, prominently situated, as Bible and Tract depôts; but the sales not paying expenses, these were relinquished. Then we had a Bible-carriage, built at a cost of £17; but the warehouse in which it was stored was burned down, and the carriage with it, for which we obtained no recompense. Nevertheless, we told the story to our friends, and they entrusted us with means to purchase another superior to the first; but this has not succeeded to our minds, not clearing working expenses in the summer, while in the winter the sales have been very small indeed. This failure doubtless results from the fact that before conversion the poor people of the East of London seldom or ever read a religious book, and after conversion the Bible and hymn-book constitute their library, all the little money they get being required for necessary food and raiment.

However, we shall try again; and we are now fitting up the carriage with Bibles, books, tracts, and pictures already in stock, and hope, by taking a wider circuit, to succeed better.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

Signing the pledge has been often referred to in connection with the cases of reformation described in these pages. No one can be long engaged in such a work as this without being appalled at the havock caused by intoxicating drinks among the class of people with whom we labour, and whom we seek to save. More or less, this is the great snare of working men, and this is certainly the cause of most of the painful cases of backsliding over which we have to mourn. Around us are thousands

who have already offered time, and means, and happiness, and all that is most valuable of earth, at the shrine of strong drink, and who, through it, are in danger of losing all that is most precious in eternity; and it seems to us that no one can go heart and soul into the work of saving them without themselves renouncing the cause of so much misery and crime, and also urging with all their might those most interested to do the same. Hence at almost every station we have a temperance meeting nearly every Saturday night. These meetings are conducted in a strictly religious manner. Only Christians are allowed to take public part in them; they are always opened by singing and prayer, and it is no uncommon thing for a temperance meeting to be concluded with an anxious meeting, at which souls seek and find Jesus. In this way thousands have been induced to sign the pledge, and many have in these meetings made our acquaintance who have come the next night to hear the Gospel, thus making the temperance pledge the stepping-stone to godliness and eternal life. Numerous illustrations of these remarks are scattered through this report, otherwise we would give some here; but should further proof be desired, we can supply it in abundance.

BANDS OF HOPE.

In order to warn the young and preserve them from the vortex of intemperance, the eddying whirl of which is all around them everywhere, we try to instil into their minds the principles of total abstinence. Believing prevention to be better than cure, we try by every means to save them from falling into the drinking customs so prevalent and ruinous around them.

THE RELIEF OF DESTITUTE SAINTS.

All who read these pages will observe that many of those brought to God through the instrumentality of this Mission, are at the time of their conversion in deep poverty; while others are ever and anon being brought into a similar condition. Perhaps the husband falls out of work, or is afflicted, or death enters the dwelling, and there is the expense of a funeral, or some other of the oft-recurring tribulations incident to poverty, for which they have had, since the commencement of the new life, neither time nor opportunity to make any provision. In such circumstances they look to us, and we feel it a sacred duty to help them as far as is possible to us. It is but little we can do; but by the help of a few loving friends that little has been done.

In some cases an extra loaf or two has been added to the starvation supply from the parish; or a small quantity of nourishing food has been given to the sick; or a trifle of money to help them to bury their dead. In other cases a few shillings have been given to keep the brokers out, or to get them out when in; or a tool has been purchased to enable the breadwinner to take a job. Sometimes a poor man has been fixed up with a

costermonger's barrow, or a few things have been supplied for an empty one; or a subscription list has been headed to enable a poor widow to buy a mangle. In other cases a blanket has been lent to a shivering family, or a second hand overcoat, or a woollen shawl has been provided for some poor consumptive; and many other slight ameliorations of starvation and suffering have been supplied. What has been done in the past we desire to continue doing in the future. Surely there is no room for controversy as to the duty of the Lord's people with respect to the suffering members of His own household. How otherwise can we deal with such cases as the following, and of scores of similar ones appealing to us at the present moment:—

A. is a devoted Christian. She is unable to work. The parish allows her 1s. per week and a loaf. I have visited her for four years, and have often found her without food. She attends our meetings in the bitterest weather, and sometimes with only a thin garment on her shivering frame.

B. is a man, once in respectable circumstances, but was taken ill with rheumatic fever ten months ago, and has not worked since. He has a delicate wife and child, and during this time they have lived chiefly by disposing of their home, and have parted with almost every thing they could either pledge or sell. Six shillings per week is all they have to live upon, half-a-crown of which they pay for rent. They are both, I believe, devoted Christians.

C. injured his side in a fall from a building some years ago, and has been a cripple ever since. Wandering about the streets, he was attracted by the singing to an open-air meeting; and after listening for some time, followed our friends into the Hall, where he found the Saviour. He has attended the services ever since; and, though very poor, he is happy in the Lord. Unable to do work of any kind on account of his lameness, he earns a trifle by selling papers, &c. in the street. This, with the little help we give him, is all he has to live upon; but we are afraid he has occasionally to walk the streets for want of threepence to pay for a bed.

D. was converted twenty years ago, under a sermon preached by Mr. Booth, and has been following on ever since. When we opened the Penny Gaff, she asked if she might join us. Very poor, she is very glad of a ticket for a little soup, although she has to go all the way to Whitechapel for it. She said, the other day, she did not know how they should have got through last winter if it had not been for our help. Her husband, two sons, and her daughter's husband were all out of work at the same time, and they all lived together, with nothing to depend on but the tickets, and a little washing.

E.—Help in the Last Hour.—One man said, "The doctor has given me up, and told me I cannot live more than a few days at most; he says there is no hope for me, but I *have* a hope, a blissful hope: die when I may, I can look death in the face and say, 'Oh death, where is thy sting, Oh grave, where is thy victory?' I am quite prepared at any time, and I think it will not be long now. I can take nothing but jellies and soups, and things that are moist; but," he said, "I do not find anything stop on my stomach like that beautiful soup. You are the best friend I have on earth, I can take nothing so well as that soup." The man is still alive and very happy, and believes he can live and die with *soup and Christ*.

F.—Cast Down, but not Destroyed.—One night I visited two of our people, a man and his wife. They were just going to break their fast, at half-past seven at night, with a little bread and butter. On a straw bed, in one corner, lay the only child they had, then and there in the arms of death. The man looked me in the face and said: "You see we are in a poor way, sir; we have only two chairs and a bit, and not much to eat; but we are happy in Jesus. We have a eat prepared for us in heaven." I said, "Praise God," gave them

some relief, and prayed with them. I shall not soon forget the heart-rending scene. The child has since gone to heaven. The parents have but little work, and but little to eat; but they are very happy. I often wish the friends who send us relief could witness some of the cases I have to visit. Heaven only knows how my heart bleeds because we cannot do more than we do.

G.—One Sunday evening, nearly three years ago, a wretchedly dissipated looking woman came into the Theatre, attracted by the singing in the streets. The word went home to her soul, and she sought earnestly for mercy; but went away sorrowing, thinking there could not be pardon for such a sinner. But a few days after, at one of our believers' meetings, she heard the Saviour say, "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee." She had been for twenty years a fearful drunkard, once in a drunken fit jumping out of a window two stories high. Often she has struck her husband with a poker when he has been kneeling in prayer. After his death she sank to the lowest depths of degradation, herding with the most abandoned. Since her conversion she has held on her way in the midst of persecution and poverty. She is now living in a small attic, for which she pays 1s. 9d. per week. It is as clean as her employment will permit, which is mending old boots and shoes, receiving 2d. and 3d. for soling and heeling each pair. When she can get work she can earn 6d. per day; but very often work fails. Her bed is composed of some straw sewn up in an old petticoat, part of an old counterpane is all her covering; a stool and little table complete the furniture of this dear child of God. And yet she says *she never feels dull, Jesus is with her; and when she has no work, as she cannot read, she sits and sings "them blessed hymns."* One day she was visited just in time to save her from dying of starvation. She had laid on her miserable bed *three days without food*; but said she did not feel hungry, the Lord Jesus had stood by her, and fed her with the bread of life.

H.—Two dear women, mother and daughter, both widows, earn a miserable existence by making slop shirts. They lie at night on a bundle of straw, with only the scanty clothing they wear during the day to cover them. They are wonderfully cheerful and happy, taking any little gift as coming from the Lord. When a warm petticoat was given to the mother (who is 87), and the promise of a loan blanket as soon as the Lord sent the money to buy them, tears of gratitude ran down her aged cheeks, and she praised the Lord who was *so kind* to her.

SOUP KITCHENS AND CHEAP PROVISION STORES.

There are now two of these establishments. One formerly the Eastern Star beerhouse; the other adjoins the People's Hall, Whitechapel. At the soup halls connected with these two places three hundred persons can be accommodated at once, and the accommodation is not any greater than is demanded. In the very cold weather it is pitiable, and yet pleasing, to see the stream of hungry half-clad people flow into the halls, obtaining shelter from the bitter winds without, and at the same time obtaining a warm and comfortable meal. Here may be seen the poorest and most destitute of the starving thousands of the neighbourhood. Wretched slop-makers, matchbox-makers, poor hawkers, broken-down costermongers, beggars, and tramps, together with more decent-looking people, who, through misfortune, or distance, or affliction, are unable to procure a meal at home. Here are the wretched men and women who have passed the previous night under a railway arch or huddled up on a door-step, but who have begged a penny and walked miles to expend it on a pint of *hot* soup and the opportunity for a warm seat. In that corner

are three little street Arabs who have raised a penny amongst them and coaxed the waiter out of two spoons, or, having only one, they have a spoonful round; while in another corner is a poor woman with a couple of children, also with one basin between them, the children getting, you may be sure, the larger share.

But it may be asked, Does any moral benefit flow from this effort? We think so. In a very quiet way a link of sympathy is created between the thousands benefited and "THE CHRISTIAN MISSION." The waiters tell us that the people constantly express the gratitude they feel that they can have such good soup so cheap, and some at least will reason that those who thus care for their bodily wants may be sincere in their efforts to bless them spiritually. Any way their acquaintance is made, and now and then there is the opportunity for conversation, which leads to something better still. Take the following case as an instance:—

A. is a shoemaker, working for slop shops. When in full work, he cannot earn more than one shilling and sixpence a day, having to make six pairs for this: but, through badness of trade, he has not earned more, on an average, than fivepence a day for the last two years. It was truly heartrending to look at him and his boy while the kitchen was closed for repairs; they were literally starving, and longed for the grave as a place of rest. The manager talked to him, gave him a tin of soup to take home with him, and a Bible; and as he stood, with the soup in one hand and the Bible in the other, he said, "Sir, I am a stranger to kindness." He has since been induced to attend the meetings, and says he has found peace and rest in Jesus. Though poor as ever, he is certainly a changed man.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE LIST OF CHARGES.

Soup, one penny per pint.
Slice of bread, one halfpenny.
Australian mutton, free from bone, cooked, is weighed out in small quantities, at 7d. per pound.
Australian sheep's tongues, smoked, uncooked, 1d; cooked, 1½d.
Potatoes, ½d. the plate.
Beef marrow, used instead of butter, at 8d. per pound.
Tea, 1½d. per pint; 1d. the half pint.
Coffee, 1d. per pint.
Pudding, boiled and baked, 1d. per large slice, &c. &c.

The whole affair is SELF-SUPPORTING. For the working expenses we neither solicit nor receive help, and every penny received is at once distributed, either in the form of rice, bread, tea, &c., or soup. For every 22s. received we give away one hundred tickets, each entitling the bearer to one quart of soup and a slice of bread; while for 11s. we give away one hundred tickets for a pint of soup and a slice of bread. Some of the tickets are given by our own visitors, and others are sent to the various clergymen, dissenting ministers, Scripture readers, missionaries, and Bible women in the neighbourhood, for distribution at the homes of the people. The poor are most thankful for them, and will walk two or three miles to fetch a quart of soup for their little children.

BELIEVERS' MEETINGS.

Before closing this notice of the measures employed in this Mission, we feel we must mention the little private meetings into which we endeavour to group the persons who profess faith in Christ. In order

PEOPLES' SOUP KITCHEN AND PROVISION STORES.

that we may exercise the necessary oversight and watchful care, and render the personal counsel and sympathy so much needed by those rescued from such depths of sin, and still placed in circumstances of trial and temptation, we place a few under the guidance of the more experienced and trustworthy members. Their work is to meet them once every week; and, in case of absence, to visit them at their homes, inquire into the cause of their absence, and in every case, whether of indifference or sickness, offer counsel, reproof, or consolation as they may need.

FREE BREAKFASTS AND FREE TEAS.

By the kindness of T. B. Smithies, Esq., and other dear friends, we have been enabled to give several free breakfasts, free teas, &c. The following account of a breakfast given in the East London Theatre is copied from the *Morning Advertiser*, and will, we are sure, be read with interest:—

Yesterday morning we had the opportunity of attending a breakfast, to which between eight and nine hundred of her Majesty's subjects sat down. The company was select, none but those occupying a certain station in society, and only a small portion of them, having been invited. Although this was a grand and important occasion to those chiefly concerned, and although so large a company was expected; yet neither were any carriage regulations issued by the authorities, nor was any order given as to the garb in which the invited were to come. No confusion was anticipated, and no confusion ensued on this account. The fact was, that few of that multitude would have been able to read such regulations; and if they had been sufficiently advanced in letters to do so, they could only have looked upon them as a bitter sarcasm. Instead of possessing a brougham, probably not one could boast of having a hand-barrow that was his own; and as we approached the crowd assembled round the doors of the East End Theatre, we found that a black coat and the orthodox tabular procured as much respect as the court dress at a Lord Mayor's banquet. We had only to essay to pass through, and half a dozen voices exclaimed, "Make way," not "for my Lord So-and-so," but "for the gentlemen; make way for the gentlemen."

We were scarcely aware of the nature of the entertainment until we reached the theatre, when we were besieged with applications for tickets for the breakfast. Passing along with the others, we observed that as they entered the inner door, each received a slice of buttered plum-cake. It was then within a few minutes of ten o'clock, and the pit was almost filled with adults. Three or four seats next to the stage were occupied by women, and the others were almost entirely in the possession of men. All were furnished with cake, and most of them had brought tin cans, or mugs, or cups; and one or two were fortunate enough to be able to bring a cup and a saucer. The gallery was filled with a similar assembly. In the dress circle and on the stage were a few visitors and benevolent ladies and gentlemen, who had been instrumental in providing the breakfast. Shortly after ten o'clock grace was said, tea and coffee were quickly served out, and the hungry multitude devoted themselves to the despatch of the food before them.

The scene presented to the visitor was impressive. The congregation before him consisted of the "residuum" of the population. They had come from the back slums, from fœtid courts and alleys, from the casual wards, from the registered lodging-houses, from sleep on door-steps and in railway arches, from highways and byways. They were a mixed multitude: the negro, the mulatto, and other denizens of distant countries were there. Every variety of features could be pointed out, from the noble and intelligent countenance down to the most repulsive and debased. The agreement, however, as may be imagined, was pretty general in the matter of dress. All were thinly clad, the bulk in rags and tatters. Here and there were to be seen babies at the breast. Good order was preserved throughout, and everybody seemed grateful for what he was receiving. One poor fellow was heard to exclaim, "God Almighty knows when I had such a breakfast;" and when he was told that he should thank God for it, he said, "I do, sir, with all my heart." Another man, between thirty and forty years of age, said he had come from Canada West to take possession of some property, which, he said, belonged to him. He had worked his way hither a few weeks ago; but, on reaching Doctors' Commons, as he had not 2s. 6d. in his possession, he was not permitted to see a copy of his grandfather's will.

An hour and a half having been occupied in this kind of refreshment, proceedings of a different kind commenced. Addresses were delivered by various friends.

The proceedings did not terminate before half-past one; and, although they had occupied the long period of three hours and a half, all but a very small proportion remained to the end. No disturbance whatever occurred; indeed, it would scarcely seem credible to any but eye-witnesses that such a tatterdemalion, poverty-stricken, vicious-looking crowd could be marshalled in such order, and sit with such quiet, as did the meeting yesterday at the East End Theatre.

Mr. Booth, who is the life and soul of the Mission in connexion with which the breakfast was given, was announced to preach later in the day, and the company then separated.

We now proceed to describe

THE STATIONS OCCUPIED BY THE MISSION;

and commence with the central one,

WHITECHAPEL.

This is our mother station. Here, as we have already remarked, the work was commenced. A tent was our first meeting place, but being an old one, and rough weather coming unexpectedly, it was torn to pieces, and we had to seek shelter elsewhere. The only place we could obtain for either love or money, was

A DANCING ROOM.

and this only on the Sabbath. It was a miserable affair, seating only some 350 people, while for it we had to pay one pound per week, finding our own forms; and some of our brethren had to come in their week-day clothes early on the Sabbath morning to move them in. The proprietor was a photographer doing a large trade on the Sabbath. His customers had to pass through a room which was open to the hall, forming a sort of gallery, in order to reach the studio, and often on their way up and down, they would pause and listen to us preaching below. Meanwhile, the wife would be sitting in the front room colouring and getting up the pictures. We often talked to her about God and eternity, and she frequently listened to the preaching, but she belonged to the class which assent to all that is said, and go quietly on in their sins.

During the early part of the occupation of this dancing academy, we had no place for week-night meetings. Fortunately, the season was unusually fine, and during the long autumn nights, we held meetings in the open-air; commencing at seven and continuing until late in the evening; announcing at the close that we should be glad to speak to any who were anxious to save their souls; and after pronouncing the benediction, we went in among the crowd and spoke personally to them of Jesus. There we had often the privilege of seeing tears of penitence, and pointing anxious souls to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

As the winter approached and the nights grew cold, an indoor station became a necessity, and a room was taken in Three Colts Lane, Bethnal Geeen. Meetings here were continued as afterwards described, and also about this time, in the ragged church, Mile End New Town, at Stepney, and at Satchwell Street, Bethnal Green. At each place souls found Christ. At the one last named, among others was

A WANDERER FROM THE FOLD.

After an address one evening, he cried out in much distress for God to save him. He was a drunkard, knew his Bible, and a long time back walked in the way of peace. The Lord heard his cry, and pardoned his sin. Months afterwards we stood by his death-bed, and heard his confident assurance that his feet were on the Rock. He died in the faith. Shortly after his conversion, his wife, son, and daughter were brought to God, and remain with us to this day.

Other places were afterwards occupied in Whitechapel, one of which was

A COVERED SKITTLE GROUND,

attached to a low public house. A few boards placed over the frame on which the nine pins were fixed on the week day, served as a platform, and thrusting the bagatelle table into a passage, out of sight, we preached Christ to whomsoever would come to hear. At the last service held in this place there were twelve anxious souls.

About this time we occupied a shop on week nights to the front of the Whitechapel Road, and although a miserable place for Mission work, the following was one among other interesting incidents connected with it.

PRECIOUS GRAIN GATHERED.

One evening, while holding a useful service in the open air near by, a policeman ordered us away. We left at once, after inviting the people to go with us to the shop, which many did. Among others who followed us was a young woman, to whose heart the word came that evening with great power. So deeply was she convicted, that before she left she confessed herself a sinner, and sought rest in Jesus. She at once united with us, and for a season walked happily in the ways of the Lord. A few months afterwards, a brother, who had been away in the army, returned home, and was much annoyed to find his sister professing to be a Christian, He ridiculed her religion, and after awhile prevailed on her to accompany him to the theatre. She went, but conscience smote her, and she had not a moment's peace until the sin was confessed and forgiven. From that hour she walked consistently, attending all the meetings, but especially those in the open air. Her mother said that she would get up from bed to go into the Mile End Road as long as she could possibly walk as far; and when her strength failed, and she was obliged to go into the hospital, she wrote letters expressive of the deep interest she continued to feel in those services, which had been instrumental in leading her feet into the ways of righteousness.

Through a long illness, in deep poverty, surrounded by relatives who had no sympathy with religion, did this young disciple, picked up in the Mile End Road, hold on to Jesus, and adorn his glorious doctrine. As the deadly malady increased, her faith grew brighter. To those who visited her she said, "I am quite ready—all is well; 'Thy will be done.'" And in this state of mind, "waiting," as she expressed it, "till her time came," she passed triumphant home; another precious grain gathered into the heavenly garner through the instrumentality of street preaching.

THE EFFINGHAM, NOW THE EAST LONDON THEATRE.

About this time our way opened to take this theatre for Sabbath evening services. It was then a dingy, dirty place, visited only by the lowest and roughest classes. Most of our friends were opposed to our taking it; they argued that it had been tried again and again and had not succeeded, and

that in it we should certainly fail to secure congregations. However, we resolved to try, and from the commencement succeeded most blessedly. One of the first services is thus described in one of a series of papers published at the time, in the *Nonconformist* newspaper, under the heading of

IRREGULAR RELIGIOUS AGENCIES.

To visit this theatre on a week-day evening, and to note the crowded, noisy assemblage; the coatless forms; the hardened, brutalised features; the bitter oath or disgusting jest, could scarcely fail to awaken a misgiving as to the real character of a Sunday evening service in such a place; nevertheless, we determined upon the experiment of a visit.

Sunday evening in Whitechapel Road forms a scene which the pen of a Dickens alone could properly describe. Crowded public-houses, groups of men and boys returning from Victoria Park, scores of tawdrily attired girls shouting and chasing each other across the road-way, empty hearses returning from Bow Cemetery, bare-headed women from Whitechapel slums, unwashed costermongers, and a hundred other salient features, alike force themselves on our attention as we stand in front of the Effingham Theatre. It is half-past six, and the service does not commence until seven, yet there are some half-dozen quiet-looking men and women waiting, with exemplary patience, for the opening of the doors. To and fro surges the human sea past the theatre. A few individuals go into the public-house attached to the building, others stop to look at the pictorial announcements of the new play to be produced on Monday night, but the great mass hurry steadily onward. A noisy shooting of bolts, a heavy creaking sound, and at last the doors are opened. In rushes the little crowd, down a dark, narrow, confined passage, leading to one of the dingiest and gloomiest places of amusement to be found, perhaps, in all London. There is nothing very elevated or refined here. The walls are black with dirt, and gaudy tinselled ornaments half-hidden with layers of dust, and the gaslights so few in number as to give an extremely cheerless and dispiriting look to the whole place. The stage—not a very large one—is fitted up with scenery and wings representing the interior of some impossible mansion; while, for the use of the preacher and his colleagues, a white and green "property" table, ornamented with plenty of Dutch metal, with chairs to match, have been placed in front of the footlights. A series of rickety steps, covered with green cloth, furnish a ready means of communication between the stage and the audience. Whilst we have been taking in these details, the building has been filling rapidly. The gallery is already thronged with a motley assemblage, including a large proportion of the "rough" element. The pit is equally full, but here the working men and their families are decidedly in the majority. There are very few of the shopkeeping class present; the place is far too low, too vulgar for *them*; so the labouring people and the roughs have it—much to their satisfaction—all to themselves. It is astonishing how quiet and peaceable they are. There is no one, except a stray official, to maintain order; yet here are nearly two thousand people, belonging to the poorest and least educated class, behaving in a manner which would reflect the highest credit upon the most respectable congregation that ever attended a regular place of worship. Surely there is good soil here. Very many have purchased copies of the penny hymn-book sold at the doors, but of Bibles scarcely one is to be seen. Bibles are rarities in Whitechapel homes, The pawnbroker and publican can best tell us why.

Precisely at seven, Mr. Booth made his appearance in front of the footlights, and gave out the well-known hymn commencing,

"There is a better world, they say,"

which was sung with an intensity and vigour which would have somewhat startled those accustomed only to the slow-measured Gregorian chants or

dreamy tunes now so fashionable in most places of worship. Everybody seemed to join in the singing, They gloried in it, as if in so doing they for the moment forgot all the sorrows, cares, and woes of their daily life. Certainly, it was a strange sight; this vast multitude of hard-featured men and women in humble attire, in their working coats and in their tattered shawls, standing up amid all the dingy, tawdry tinselled surroundings, to sing of the better world where "music fills the balmy air," and "angels with bright wings," and "harps of gold," and "mansions fair," hold out the rich and glorious promise of future happiness. As the hymn proceeded, the strain became more and more earnest, until the lines—

"We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of pleasure reign,"

were reached, when it became almost pathetic in the emphasis bestowed upon it. The singers evidently felt what they sang, and as they reluctantly resumed their seats, a happier expression seemed to light up the broad sea of pale and careworn features which were turned with ardent, longing gaze towards the preacher and his colleagues. A short prayer followed, after which another hymn, "The voice of Wisdom cries, Be in time," was sung; and then came the usual chapter from the Bible. Mr. Booth employed very simple language in his comments upon each verse read by him, and frequently repeated the same sentence several times, as if he was afraid his hearers would forget it. He told them that the devil was continually angling for man's soul—that he offered us wealth, pleasure, food, and every possible happiness upon earth, if we would but serve him; while God, on the contrary, promised us eternal happiness hereafter. It was curious to note the intense, almost painful, degree of eagerness with which every utterance of the speaker was listened to. The crowd seemed fearful of losing even a word. Another hymn, sung with redoubled fervour, and then the sermon commenced. In an impassioned discourse, the preacher bade his hearers come forth from among the wicked and be saved. He spoke of God's mercy and man's ingratitude, and declared that God was compelled to be unmerciful to the wicked unless they repented; that He could not help it if they refused to listen to Him. He told his hearers of their faults, of their vices, and threatened them with all the terrors of eternal punishment unless they repented them of their sins. He spoke of the happiness experienced by the converted, and described how in all our troubles, in all our cares, Jesus was an ever-ready Friend, affording peace and consolation to all who believed in Him. He also told them of a poor man, a pauper, dying in a cold and desolate room, with no one near him to moisten his dry, parched lips, or to bathe his clammy brow. Yet, although abandoned by man, he was not deserted by God. Angels hovered around his deathbed, irradiating it with their glory, and bore his soul, as it emerged from its senseless cell of clay, to the bright and glorious shores of heaven. And when the poor man again opened his eyes, and beheld the grand and beautiful mansions, the crowds of saints clad in their robes of white, and with their harps of gold, and heard the eternal song of rejoicing ascending to the great white throne of God the Father, he could scarcely believe himself. He, the poor outcast, who had dared to rely on the mercy of his Redeemer, actually in Heaven! Impossible! But it was true. And how light seemed all his earthly trials, how paltry became all his earthly cares, how slight the weight of his cross, when his reward was a crown of happiness like to this! And as the speaker described the picture of the poor man in heaven, breathless silence pervaded the ranks of his hearers. You might see great brawny-limbed roughs endeavouring, but in vain, to look unconcerned; while, behind them, thin, gaunt-featured mechanics, made of less stubborn material, scarcely attempted to restrain the tears which glistened in their sunken eyes. Everybody seemed more or less affected. Here and there women were sobbing loudly, while others were looking with a strange

rapt gaze at the speaker. It was a wonderful influence,—that possessed by the preacher over his hearers. Very unconventional in style, no doubt, it enabled him to reach the hearts of hundreds of those for whom the prison and the convicts' settlement have no terrors, of whom even the police stand in fear. It is a rough-and-ready style of preaching, but then the preacher has to do with rough-and-ready minds, upon which the subtleties of a refined discourse would be lost. If any proof of the effectiveness of Mr. Booth's preaching were required, it was afforded by the earnestness with which his hearers listened to the moral deduced by him from his text, in which he implored them, first, to leave their sins; second, to leave them at once, that night; and third, to come to Christ. Not a word that was uttered by him could be misunderstood; not a doctrine was propounded which was beyond the comprehension of those to whom it was addressed. We might dispute the speaker's taste in some matters, we might differ from some of his theological views, but his hearers were in nowise disposed to be critical. They listened to him with an amount of respect, attention, even eagerness, which conclusively demonstrated his mastery over their natures, his knowledge of their feelings, and the truth of his interpretation of their aspirations. There was no sign of impatience during the sermon. There was too much dramatic action, too much anecdotal matter, to admit of its being considered "dull;" and when it terminated scarcely a person left his seat. Indeed, some appeared to consider it too short, although the discourse had occupied fully an hour in its delivery! The hymn which followed—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
Oh! Lamb of God, I come,"

was sung with much feeling. Harmony there was little, noise there was plenty of; but, after all, why should we cavil at these trifles? Everybody wanted to sing, whether they possessed tuneful voices or not, and, where the *will* exists, let us not too sharply criticise the *way* in which it is developed. No sooner was the hymn over, than the numerous helpers whom Mr. Booth has gathered round him, and who belong almost exclusively to the poorer classes, began personally visiting all present, affectionately entreating them to join the band of believers in Christ's mercy. Nor were their efforts unsuccessful. Not a few went on to the stage and knelt in silent prayer. This continued for more than an hour, during which various prayers were offered up and several hymns sung. The dispersal of the audience was effected very slowly, and even so late as ten o'clock there were between two and three hundred people in the building; but from first to last there was not the least interruption, not the shadow of an attempt at disorder. Surely this is something to be thankful for; the olive-branch which tells us that ground has been discovered at last, and that there is hope in the future for those engaged in the good and praiseworthy work of evangelising East London.

P.

For upwards of three years the services were continued in this Theatre and we believe that only eternity will reveal the good done within its walls. Not only did multitudes hear the word, but we believe we do not exaggerate when we say that in it thousands were convicted of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. And what is better still, we have every reason to conclude that numbers were led to a saving acquaintance with our Saviour King. We are sure the following triumphs of saving grace will be read with great interest, and they are only sample cases of a great number.

CONVERSION OF A PROFESSED ATHEIST.

As we were passing from seat to seat in this Theatre, some months ago, one of our helpers said, "Will you speak to a man out at the back here, who says he has as much right to believe in Tom Paine as in the Bible?" Accompanying our friend to the person for whom this anxiety had been awakened, we found a neatly-attired intelligent-looking coloured man, who was evidently trying to ward off the force of the appeals that had been made from the stage, and that were being repeated personally, by the stale, oft-refuted sophisms of infidelity. We declined at once to enter into any argument, but simply stated our conviction that he felt in his inmost soul the truth of all he had heard that night. In short, that he knew we were right and he was wrong, and that if he died in his rebellion and infidelity, he would be lost. We saw him again the following evening, and he became a regular attendant on all our meetings. A short time afterwards, he rose in the theatre, and, before a large crowd, bore the following testimony:—

"A fortnight ago, out of curiosity, I came into this theatre. I had long been trying hard to be an infidel, but I was not satisfied, neither was I happy. The topic of the speaker that morning was purity of heart. I was at once interested and impressed. I came again at night, and was still further convicted; but when friends spoke to me, I was too proud to acknowledge it, and, to my shame, I confess that I tried to ridicule their arguments and entreaties. Nevertheless, I was wounded by the Spirit, and I continued to attend every meeting, and at once set myself to seek the mercy I so greatly needed. I now confessed my state to the people of God, and sought their counsel and their prayers; but I found no rest to my soul. For days I wandered about, seeking God wherever I went. One day, while seeking a berth, I went into a shipping office on Tower Hill. Two men in the office a few minutes before me, had taken a tract given them by a lady; and to show their utter contempt for it, tore it in two, spat upon it, and stuck it up against the wall. While waiting, I took the tract down and read it. In it was a sentence imploring the penitent soul to cease from all working and weeping and anxiety respecting sin, and to trust at once, fully and for ever, to the atonement which Christ had made for the sin of the world. These words were applied to my soul by the ever blessed Spirit, and then, in that office, I cast my guilty soul on Jesus. My burden fell off, and my soul was set free, and since then my happiness has been increasing day by day. My mother was a Christian. She is now in heaven. I promised her on parting, that I would meet with her there. Through mercy I will fulfil my vow."

For several weeks this dear brother went in out and with us, telling of God's dealings with him wherever he came. Soon afterwards he left for sea, and has been voyaging about the world ever since. Once he has been home, and we have just received a letter from him posted in Calcutta. He is as happy as the first day God revealed Himself to him.

A CONVERTED INFIDEL.

In taking a view of my past life, my heart melts within me, and I cannot bear the thought of giving an account of it. Sufficient is it to say, that I spent the best part of it in committing sins of the darkest dye, one hour blaspheming the name of a merciful God, and daring Him to send me to hell, and another, openly denying His existence, and all this while breaking my dear wife's heart with my oaths and blasphemies. As the Mission people used to pass singing through the street, I used to curse them and wish I had the power to send them all to prison for a nuisance. O my dear sir, often has my wife clung round my neck and tried to stop me swearing, and often have I laid down at night with the bitter wish that it might be my last, and when I have woke in the morning how disappointed have I been to find myself alive. But, glory be to God, the night has become day, the darkness is chased away, and the once blaspheming infidel is now singing the praises of God for the precious gift of His dear Son.

One evening taking tea with my sons, they earnestly entreated me to go with them to the East London Theatre, which had just been rebuilt, so that they might see inside a theatre for once. I consented, and accompanied them, thinking I should have an opportunity to find fault with the preacher. I watched one and another come on to the stage; presently Mr. Booth came, and commenced the service by singing, which I thought sounded well; after awhile the preacher took his text, to which I listened with great attention. At the commencement of his sermon, I was suddenly struck with the description of the golden calf being ground into powder and given to the people to drink: here I felt a degree of curiosity to know more, and I listened more attentively until he came to ask the question, "Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me." This struck me deeply, and I felt that I could not move, for all my past life came up before me, and the remembrance of my sins stung me like an adder.

I returned home feeling very differently to what I did when I left; no tongue can tell what I felt and what was passing through my mind all the supper time. I went to bed, but not to sleep, and rose no better in the morning,—I passed a wretched week, and the following Sunday went to the Mission Hall. I now resolved if I could find pardon and mercy, I would have it. I went to the Hall again on Monday night, and still pressed my cry till bedtime, and after my family were all asleep I continued pleading for mercy through the precious blood till six o'clock in the morning, when, I felt that my load of sin was gone, all washed away in the precious blood of the Lamb. I now began to praise my God who had set me free: glory, hallelujah!

After a few weeks, I felt that I must press into a deeper baptism of God's love. Satan said, you must wait a little longer, but I determined to have it, and on Christmas day morning, at the six o'clock experience meeting, God filled me with His love. Since then I have been twice very near to death, but I was saved from all fear and filled with joy. I now desire to spend in this work of the Lord all the rest of my days, and hope, with my dear family, to meet you and your dear wife, and hundreds saved through the Mission, at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

THE STORY OF A CONVERTED BUTCHER, WHO HAD BEEN A THIEF AND A DRUNKARD (TOLD BY HIMSELF).

DEAR SIR,—It is now two months since God, through Christ Jesus, pardoned all my sins. I have great reason to remember that glorious day, for it was a happy day to my soul. O, when I look back at my past life, it makes my blood run cold to think that, had not God in His great mercy spared me, I might have been cut off in my sins, and my soul damned in eternal hell. God's Holy Spirit strove with me from a little boy, but I always resisted Him. When the Lord thought fit to call my parents away, then I would not give Him my heart, but went on doing everything wicked. Then God afflicted me with a heavy fever, from which it was expected I should never recover, but God raised me up after the space of two months, and provided a kind friend who took me in, fed and clothed me, and taught me the way to God. But after all this, instead of serving God, I served the devil. I left this friend and went out in the world, and mixed up with bad companions, doing everything bad in the sight of God; at last I went to work, and regularly got drunk with the money I worked hard for all the week.

I then became very fond of going to concert-rooms, and I went on so bad that I found my earnings would not serve me. *I then took to thieving* and *drinking* more than ever.

On the 17th of December, 1867, I got drunk and received one month's imprisonment. While in prison I made up my mind to serve God, but when I came out I soon forgot all my good resolutions, and pursued my wicked life as before.

At last I got work with one of the brothers of this Mission. Another brother also worked for him; and being much together, he very soon told

me not to swear, and talked to me about God, and what He had done for him. He often asked me to go to the East London Theatre. I used to promise him I would, but never went.

At last, one Sunday afternoon, he called at my house for me, and said, "I have got you now; I have come to fetch you to the Theatre." I thought to myself how can I go there to-day? it was only last night I was *drunk*, *fighting*, and *thieving*. Nevertheless *he stuck close to me*, and would not let me off; so I went with him to the experience meeting. As one brother after another told us what they had been, and what they were then, I felt ashamed of myself. I thought I was a wretched sinner, and wished myself away; but my mate *stuck close to me*. Then he took me to the tea at the hall, and while they were all singing, I felt alone, and wanted to get out, *but he stuck close to me*. Then there was a prayer meeting, and when I heard the brothers pray to God to save poor sinners, I was deeply convicted that I had a soul unsaved, and unless I gave up my sins I should be damned. I felt then I should like to get out, but my mate *kept close to me*. Then I went down with them, singing as they passed along; and as I passed the end of our street I thought I could get off, but he would not let me slip, and so I went to the theatre.

Mr. Booth preached, and it seemed as though he was talking to me alone, for every word he said seemed to cut me to the heart; my head dropped, tears came, and at last I was obliged to give in. I went on to the stage and gave God my heart, and my sins, which were many, were all forgiven; and now, by the grace of God, I am walking in the narrow way which leads to glory. I have no trouble with my old companions, for they have all left me. I get a little persecution, but I look to Jesus, and He brings me through.

This brother has passed through untold persecution and trial, but he still holds on and walks consistently.

We will now let another brother tell his story. He had been

A BLASPHEMER AND AN INFIDEL.

Glory to Jesus! He sought me when a stranger, for I have been a stranger to God since I was twelve years of age. I had a good, loving mother, but an ungodly, drunken father. When at that age, I used to tell my father it was a shame I had to go to Sunday-school, and he allowed me to stay away, and I went into the streets, and in a very short time became a greater blackguard than any of my associates. The deeper we went into wickedness the better I liked it.

At the age of eighteen, through illness, I was compelled to be steadier. My mother told me that I had better prepare to meet God, for there was no hope for me in this world. I told her there was no good God in heaven, or He wouldn't let me suffer so. My mother used to talk to me, and I became steadier, but I was still without God, and without hope in the world.

My father would take me to bell-ringing on Sunday nights, and I became a regular attendant at the infidel Hall of Science. Reckless of everything, I did not believe in hell, or any hereafter.

I now got married, and was steady for about three years, but still heedless of the word of God. I got used to frequenting the public-house, associating with the worst of companions, and among others there were three ticket-of-leave-men, and I longed to be like them, *getting my living easily*. About the only good quality in me was, I had been honest all my life; I never neglected my work, and always bore a character wherever I was employed, until the 6th December, 1866, when, prompted by the example of those men, I stole an article worth two and sixpence. I was arrested and charged with felony; but, it being my first offence, the magistrate tried me on the charge of illegal possession, fined me a sovereign, and dismissed me with a severe reprimand, my employer having given me nine years' good character. That night, in the station-house, before my trial, I had the horrors so bad that I

could not sleep a moment: I heard the clock strike all the hours and chime the quarters. When I thought of my wife and sister crying so bitterly for me, I thought that I should have gone mad; and I resolved that ever after I would, with God's help, be steady, and never again keep bad company. I tried to pray, but all I could say was, "Lord, help me, and keep me steady." This resolution I have kept, I left off frequenting the public-house, and gave up my evil associates; but I remained as great a blasphemer as ever, and would boast of my unbelief in the existence of hell.

One Sunday evening, a sister-in-law, who was living with us, asked me to come to the Effingham Theatre. I laughed and ridiculed, and with an oath, asked her if there was anything good to be given away there, but the next minute I said I would go, and did so, Mr. Booth preached from "The rich man and Lazarus," and I was convinced of the existence of a hell, and that it would be my eternal home if I did not alter. I felt deeply that I was in the wrong way, but would not show it until they sang—

"Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark spot—
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each blot,
Oh! Lamb of God, I come."

It was then I saw that my heart was all black. A brother came and asked me how was my soul. I lied to him, saying that it was all right; but I was so convicted that, after I got home, I prayed that God would make me a true and sincere Christian. That night I gave my heart to God, obtained the pardon of all my sins, and have, through the love of Christ, ever since continued in prayer, and walked in the path which leads to glory.

The following letter was written for "THE EVANGELIST" by a dear brother, now in heaven, who for many years was connected with various kinds of effort for the temporal and spiritual elevation of the poor of the East of London.

A FLASH IN THE PAN.

DEAR BROTHER.—A few days since, I had occasion to call upon a gentleman who is the principal of a thriving firm in the city, and who has all his life deeply interested himself in the relief of the suffering poor, I asked him to come and see the work being carried on by the East London Christian Mission. He promised to do so; but at the same time told me that, in conversing with some gentlemen the previous evening, he had been informed that it was all "a flash in the pan"—a little excitement that would soon wear off. Fearing that some few, into whose hands the "Evangelist" may fall, may have heard the same, I send an account of several cases which I have watched over myself for a long time, and in whose lives I have seen the truth of the words, "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

J. F.—, who had lived all his life without hope and without God in the world, and who had not entered a place of worship since the day he was married, was induced by a friend, who had himself been converted under Mr. Booth's preaching, to attend a service. He did so, and was very much impressed, and returned home unhappy. He continued to attend the meetings until he found peace through believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. He has, for the three years past, lived a most consistent Christian life, though much persecuted by his fellow-workmen, and is doing all he can to bring sinners to the Saviour.

G. T—, who had always lived a strictly moral and respectable life, was awakened by hearing the singing in the street. He was asked to attend the theatre service, which he did; and was there enabled to feel the power of God unto salvation. In the experience meeting, a few weeks since, he said how deeply he regretted that the best years of his life had not been devoted to the service of Him "that loved us and washed us from our sins;" for now he feels that he has but the remnant of his days to work for Jesus.

W. C. attended one of the breakfasts given last winter to the starving poor in the East London Theatre. He was there led to the desire for Christ, and since, though very much tried in circumstances, has held fast the profession of his faith.

Afterwards his wife went to the women's breakfast, and there she found Jesus as her Saviour. She was one day asked whether temporal things were better or worse with her now she loved God. She replied, "Worse! oh, no, but a great deal better; for since we have known the Lord, we have never wanted a Sunday's dinner, while last year we had not more than twenty out of the fifty-two Sundays."

These are only a few of the almost numberless instances I could adduce as to the permanent character of the good effected by the instrumentality of this Mission. These indicate, I think, something more than "a flash in the pan." If any doubt, or would like more satisfactory evidence, I entreat them to come and see for themselves. If they will send me a line, I will gladly make an appointment, and introduce them to hundreds of persons, either at the meetings or at their own homes, when they shall hear from their own lips of the marvellous changes the religion of Jesus has wrought in their hearts, homes, and daily lives, through the instrumentality of this Mission.

Yours affectionately,

C. S. MITCHELL.

About the time the meetings were commenced in the East London Theatre, we were enabled, by the liberality of our friends, to purchase the lease of

THE EASTERN STAR BEER HOUSE.

The place had been recently burnt down, and for £120 we obtained possession, and from a soul-ruining establishment of the very worst kind, we turned it into a house of God, and a gate to heaven. The following sketch of the place appeared in the *Christian World* about the time we opened it:—

Some two or three years since, there might have been seen, in that part of the Whitechapel-road where the stream of foot traffic is perhaps most dense, and where gin-shops drive a roaring trade, a low beer-house, designated as the "Eastern Star." We generally associate stars with all that is pure, bright, and beautiful; but the Whitechapel orb possessed none of these qualities; it was simply a vile, reeking haunt of drunken abominations, where roughs, loafers, and other loose characters assembled together for the purpose of passing their evenings in noisy dissipation, and where the hard working artisan was tempted to squander in drink the earnings which should have assisted in providing food and clothing for his wife and family. Here the courtesan, the gambler, and the swindler continually plied ther infamous vocations, and here also youths on the threshold of manhood were ceaselessly initiated in the ruinous and soul-destroying arts of vice, and even criminality. Suddenly there came a stop in the high and rushing tide of wickedness. One night the neighbours were startled from their slumbers by cries of "Fire! fire!" The public-house was in flames. In vain did the firemen exert themselves to the uttermost, in vain did the engines pour mighty torrents of hissing water on the fiery burning mass; for when the cold grey light of the morning dawned, a shapeless, blackened mass of ruins was all that was left of the building, known far and wide amongst beer-drinkers and spirit-bibbers as the "Eastern Star."

By and by, however, it began to be rumoured that the public-house would be speedily rebuilt. Public-house keeping is a trade too profitable not to find plenty of followers, and in re-erecting the premises it was felt that there would be no difficulty in finding a tenant. So, before many months had elapsed, a

bran-new structure occupied the place of that burnt down. Every arrangement had been made for the commencement of a large and flourishing trade, and the neighbours had good reasons to fear the consequences of its re-opening. Fortunately the East London Christian Mission was at this time much in want of suitable premises in Whitechapel to be used as a mission hall, and the thought occurred to their leader that it would be a circumstance both encouraging and significant could the newly-built public-house be secured for such a purpose. It would be one hot-bed of drunkenness and vice the less in a neighbourhood where the temptations to intemperance and sin are but too numerous. No sooner said than done. About three months ago, the Rev. W. Booth, by whom the labours of the East London Christian Mission are directed, made an appeal to Christians for £160, to purchase the lease of the premises, and make the necessary alterations. That appeal was successful, and the "Eastern Star," so long a stronghold of irreligion and shameless iniquity, has now become transformed into a centre of evangelising effort.

Though small in comparison with our requirements, the place proved a great success. It was generally full, and three or four times in every week it was crowded most uncomfortably, so much so, that persons at all delicate could not remain in it, and therefore numbers stayed away. Nevertheless, much blessed work was done; and when it was exchanged for our present eligible and commodious premises, it was with very great regret that we bade the place farewell. In passing on from it in this brief notice, the recollection of the conversion of a dear brother, now serving God far away from us, strikes us so forcibly that we cannot refrain from recording it here.

A FAST YOUNG MAN.

Not long up from the country, caught in the rapid stream of dissipation, drinking, and swearing, he might be seen at the concert-hall of an evening, with his glass, applauding the comic singer; or, on the Sabbath, with a white hat and a cigar, strutting to and fro in Victoria Park, listening to the band. But, in a remarkable manner, all this was changed. One evening, as he reached the entrance of his favourite concert-hall, the desire to enter strangely left him, and turning round, he retraced his steps towards home. As he passed up the Whitechapel-road, his eye was attracted by the word NOW, which, in large letters, was placed over the entrance to the hall. Wondering what it could mean, and seeing people enter, he passed inside, was awakened to a sense of his guilt and danger, and a few days afterwards found peace in Jesus. He became one of the happiest and most zealous members of our Mission; and in much tribulation and long and unchanging persecution honoured the Saviour; and now, although far away from us, we doubt not he is still following the Master, and spreading abroad the honours of His name.

Although "The Eastern Star" was very useful, and the Theatre most attractive, drawing large audiences; and though we had other rooms close by, which served for small meetings, sewing classes, &c., still our accommodation was far from being equal to our requirements; and, moreover, was very expensive, costing us fully £400 per annum. And yet we were without any room capable of containing the crowds of people who thronged to hear the gospel on a week night, or that was suitable for a large tea meeting, unless we paid three or four pounds for the hire of one. Consequently, much prayer was offered that God would open our way to a place of our own, fully adapted for our work; and after long waiting and weary

searching, the premises formerly used as a people's market were offered, and with funds contributed by our friends were purchased ; and, after the needed alterations, were opened on the 10th of April, 1870, as

THE WHITECHAPEL PEOPLE'S MISSION HALL.

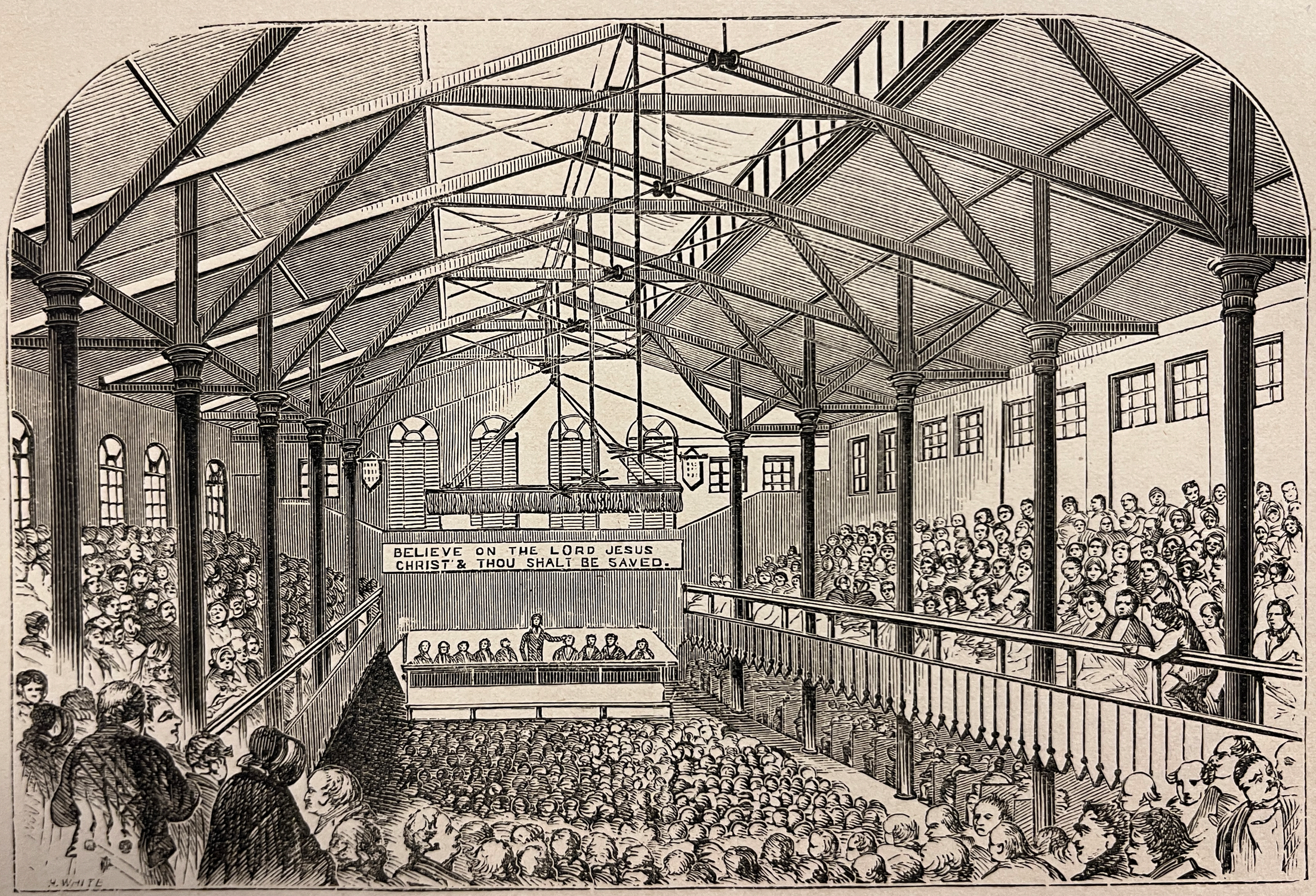
"The Whitechapel Road is probably one of the most crowded thoroughfares in the kingdom, especially in the evening, when thousands, nay, tens of thousands, of people, belonging principally to the labouring class, are ceaselessly passing to and fro over the broad pavements which skirt the spacious roadway. It may be called, and with much reason, 'Labour's Boulevard,' a few trees being all that are wanting to complete the resemblance to the crowded public promenades which form such a distinctive feature of the French capital. In the Whitechapel Road, however, the public-house, with its beer and gin, usurps the place of the Parisian *café*—certainly not to the advantage or credit of the East-end artisan. In fact, the public-house seems to form an essential component of social life in the Whitechapel Road, for it meets us at every step, turn we either to the right or to the left. Some few are simply beer-shops, but the others are gin palaces, glittering temples of the drink-god. These places are seldom empty. Many are constantly crowded, day and evening, and it is stated that into two of these no less than 3774 persons were observed to enter within the space of five hours during a single Sabbath day, thus affording —were it required—another proof of the lamentable fact that the public-house and irreligion are indissolubly linked together."

To the front of this great thoroughfare, in the midst of these flaming gin palaces, and near neighbour to two of the largest theatres in the East of London, our Hall is situated. It opens with a noble portico directly on the spacious pavement, and will comfortably seat fifteen hundred persons ; but with the folding and sliding doors thrown open, which divide the portico and large room over it, and with the aisles seated, it will contain two thousand people. In the portico, which of itself will hold one hundred and fifty persons, and which opens to the street, we can preach to the passers by, and so secure a congregation day or night, week day or Sabbath. Over this is another room of equal size, in which larger private meetings can be held, while there are also nine smaller rooms for classes, residence of Hall keepers, a bed-room for an evangelist who may be visiting us for a few days, and all the other requirements of the different agencies and operations of the Mission. In addition, we have a large shop and soup kitchen in which soup and cheap provisions are sold to the door in connection with the similar premises described at page 34; the whole forming in the estimation of all who have visited them, the most complete and best situated premises for evangelistic work among the poor to be found in the kingdom. The purchase of the original building and alterations have cost over £3,000, while we pay as ground rent £135 per year.

Although the Hall has only been open a few months, we are happy to know that much has been done in it for God and eternity. Services are commenced at seven o'clock on a Sabbath morning with a prayer-meeting ; at eight there is a breakfast, tickets threepence each. After breakfast, an address on some spiritual topic, with a conversation on the subject. After this all again unite in prayer, and then the friends divide, some going into the open-air, and others to the public service in the Hall. Even during the dinner hour the premises are not empty, seeing that friends coming from a distance often bring a little provision, and partake of it together in the smaller rooms, so that there is generally prayer and praise before the commencement of the afternoon services. At half-past two we hold an experience meeting, at which those who have been blessed and saved in the movement tell what the Lord has done for them, often awakening in other hearts the desire for like precious blessings. At the close of this meeting tea is provided on the same terms as the breakfast. This is a great convenience for many who come long distances, and for others who, gathered out of households which have no sympathy with religion, find it a blessed privilege to remain with those whose tastes and sympathies are one with their own. These Sabbath afternoon teas are often seasons of great encouragement and refreshing, cheering the hearts of many whose week-day life is one weary round of toil and persecution. After tea all again unite in prayer for a blessing on the evening meetings, and then dividing into bands, adjourn to the crowded streets to proclaim the blessed gospel, and to press the wandering throngs to attend the evening service in the Hall. After the preaching we hold a prayer meeting. The Sabbath services have not only been times of refreshing, but have always been crowned with anxious souls. Sometimes as many as twenty have sought mercy on the same evening ; and so precious is the place felt to be, that it is always left with reluctance. Hundreds have already been blessed in it, and we have reason to hope that in the last great day multitudes will recur to this as the birthplace of their souls.

During the week a mid-day service is held every day from one till two, and continued longer where there are anxious souls, while every night there are services in the Hall, preceded by a meeting in the open air, and minor gatherings specially designed for the edification of believers in the smaller rooms. On Friday evening all meet together to hear and pray about holy living, while every Saturday night there is a temperance meeting.

We have thus particularly described the meetings at Whitechapel, because they will serve to indicate the character of the services held at all the stations hereafter mentioned. In addition to those already given, we purposed narrating other incidents which would further illustrate the working of the varied agencies at this station, but find that our space will not permit.



INTERIOR OF THE PEOPLE'S MISSION HALL, WHITECHAPEL.

SHOREDITCH.

About four years ago a Mission was opened in this district, which is as destitute in every way as Whitechapel. We first occupied a large old chapel, which we held for about eighteen months, at a rental of £60 per annum; but the lease expiring then, and a much larger sum being required for a renewal, we relinquished it, and obtained premises which, although smaller, were situated in a densely crowded thoroughfare. The place had been the lowest of lodging houses, in which, huddled together, some hundred harlots, thieves, drunkards, and all kinds of utterly destitute or dissolute characters had been accustomed to harbour for the night. This place we took, fitted up, and opened as a Mission Hall and Bible and Tract Depot; and in it for nearly three years we held every night an evangelistic service. Though not holding quite three hundred people, still there was a never ending change of congregation, as the result of its prominent situation; and, consequently, the gospel was preached there to a very large number of people. But the Board of Works deciding to pull these premises down, for the widening of the adjoining street, we had to move elsewhere. And, though the whole neighbourhood was searched, no suitable place could be found. Consequently, we had to go anywhere that offered us a temporary refuge, and an old house was taken for the time being, in Hare Street, once more among our old friends the bird and pigeon fanciers. Here, though the place is about as wretched and uncomfortable as can well be conceived, good services are held, and by holding one meeting upstairs, and another down, and occasionally taking the overflowing people off, and talking to them in the open-air, a good work is going forward; and a goodly number of those gathered to the Saviour at the services in the places we have already named are kept together, and all are happy and praying for more suitable and commodious premises.

In this district we also occupied for Sabbath evening services, for nearly three years alternately,

THE CITY OF LONDON THEATRE, THE CAMBRIDGE MUSIC HALL, AND ST. LEONARD'S HALL,

In all of which the Lord was very graciously pleased to manifest his presence, and to rescue souls from the power and kingdom of Satan, who are now with us testifying for Jesus, and walking consistently in circumstances calculated greatly to test and try their faith and patience.

AN INTENDED SUICIDE.

One evening a man, partially intoxicated, came to the door of the Mission Hall while the meeting was going on, asking if he might sign the pledge. There was a peculiar expression of despair in his countenance which touched the heart of the brother keeping the door, and he invited him into the hall. He was by no means a quiet hearer, neither did his presence add to the com-

fort of the congregation, and some requested that he might be put out, but the brother before named kept him as orderly as he could, and he was allowed to remain till the meeting was closed, after which he signed the pledge, and was invited to come again. The following evening he came perfectly sober, and sat during the meeting, drinking in every word of the preacher. At the close, anxious souls were invited to decide for Jesus, and this brother among others, sought, and found mercy through the precious blood. He has been happy ever since; and his life has given evidence of the reality of the change. He may be seen at all the meetings, indoors and out, rejoicing in his Saviour. He has since told us, that the day previous to his coming to the hall, he had been meditating self-destruction, and at the time a friend led him into the hall he was on his way home, his brain maddened with drink, to cut his throat, and thus end his miserable existence, little thinking that it would commence one far more miserable, which would never have ended. Oh, how can we sufficiently praise God for this merciful interposition; surely we may say this is a brand plucked from the burning.

A POOR DEGRADED DRUNKARD.

Sir,—I have to thank God that I ever was led to hear out-door preaching. I have many times listened to Brother M—; at the corner of Sclater Street, when I have been under the influence of drink, and I have felt, if I died in this state, hell would be my doom. I have gone home and prayed to God to forgive me, but all in vain. Twelve months, last November, I signed the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. A short time after I was led into St. Leonard's Hall, Shoreditch; I there felt God had pardoned my sins; I came out of that place rejoicing. I went home and told my wife I had found peace, and I kept on trying to get her to the meetings. At last I got her to accompany me to the City Theatre, and she found peace there the first time going, and now we can both rejoice in Jesus. Previous to this, my home was a wretched one; I spent three hundred and fifty pounds in five years, seeking pleasure in the world, and found nothing but misery. Under the influence of drink, I have thrown a large knife, many times, at my wife's head, but I never could hit her, and have frequently taken it up to bed with me, and threatened to cut her head off, so that she was afraid to come to bed, and many a night has had to sit on the stairs in the cold, and sometimes had to jump over the wall, into the next yard, for safety. I thank God it is not so now; we are happy now, and feel like singing all the time. Sure enough I have been born again. I hope by the help of God, to continue in the same, till it pleases God to call us. I remain your brother in Christ. T. L.

SCLATER STREET, BETHNAL GREEN.

Amidst the bird fanciers of Club Row we occupied for about two years a small, dirty, ill-ventilated room, with an entrance all but through a shop, at which rabbits, rats, mice, fowls and ferrets were being offered for sale at the same hour that we were offering the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Outside and inside this place a brave little band of self-denying men and women, themselves just plucked from the fire, laboured in season and out of season, and in that most unlikely place were born of the Spirit some of the most devoted workers in this Mission. But, on account of the bad drainage and other reasons, we gave the place up, and the friends who laboured in it divided themselves between several of the stations nearest hand.

POPLAR.

For a considerable period the Oriental Theatre was occupied for preaching on Sabbath evenings, while meetings were held on the Sunday morning

and on week days in the Union Temperance Hall; but finding the theatre so wretchedly draughty and dirty, and at the same time very costly, we gave it up, and fell back on the smaller place. This Hall is a wooden building, fearfully cold in winter, and proportionately hot in summer; and in consequence of being separated only by a thin partition from a large stable, the smells in the summer time are intolerable. Nevertheless, in it much blessed work has been done, there seldom being a service without some token of the Master's presence and blessing. For three years we have been looking out for a site on which to build a Hall. One is now under consideration, and we hope to be able to announce early in the coming spring the commencement of the undertaking.

In this district, from the beginning, we have been enabled to do a large amount of work in the open-air; all through the summer and right into the winter very numerously attended meetings have been held, and a very blessed harvest has been reaped. The dreadful poverty that has prevailed has scattered many of the converts far and near in search of employment, some of whom have gone to distant lands; still there are many remaining, toiling for the salvation of their old companions and friends. The following letters will speak for themselves.

ONCE A DRUNKEN SWEARING NAVVY.

Dear Sir,—I shall always feel thankful to God for sending you into the East of London; and if there was only my poor soul rescued, it would pay for all the labour; but eternity alone will tell the good that has been done through this Christian Mission, It rescued me from a life of sin and slavery. My great delight was going to the public-house, drinking and swearing. I could scarcely utter a sentence without an oath; fighting, and cursing God to His face, and filling up my measure of inquity as quickly as possible. I was out on what I used to term my evening's pleasure, with my boots unlaced, and a short pipe in my mouth, when coming to the corner of a street I heard some singing; I stopped to listen, and it seemed as if somebody took hold of me; I felt as if nailed to the ground. The preacher gave a very pointed address, and I thought that he was speaking to me. At last a ring was formed, and sinners were invited there and then to the Saviour. Such a thing I had never seen before, and felt inclined to go at once and seek salvation, but like many others I listened to the voice of the devil, and went home as miserable as a sinner could be out of hell. Thus I continued for a fortnight, afraid to sleep at night for fear I should wake among the lost. At last I was invited to the mission hall; there the preacher spoke of eternity, and of being prepared to meet God. After the service, a prayer meeting was held and sinners were exhorted to seek salvation then and there. I felt that I could not be any worse, so I fell trembling on my knees and cried to God to save me. The brethren prayed with me and pointed me to the cross, and God in His mercy snatched me as a brand from the burning, washed me in the blood of the Lamb, and set me on the way to Him rejoicing.

R. A.

A FULL SALVATION.

Dear Sir,—I was a regular attendant at a chapel, and a member; and I professed to be converted, and I thought I was. Sometimes I thought I was, and other times I doubted it, and became very miserable. I used to pray to God to convince me that I was saved through the precious blood of Jesus; and then I got a little feeling; and as soon as I got a bit of feeling, I

thought I was saved; and as soon as I lost it, I thought I had lost all my religion,

As we came out of chapel on a Sunday morning, we used to find some members of the East London Christian Mission holding open-air services in the East India Road; and my husband always liked to stop to hear them, as he said, it did him more good than what he got in the chapel; but I always wanted him to come on, and not to stop. But he often prevailed on me to hear them; and I got as I did not want to go to chapel; I felt that every word they said was true; and I found I was more benefited in my soul by stopping with them than going anywhere else.

I then became a regular attendant at the Oriental Theatre on Sunday, and the Mission Hall on week-nights. They preached to give up all for the blessed Saviour. I knew there were many things I had not given up, and I was convinced I could not enjoy *true religion* and have the world; so I made up my mind to serve God *with all my heart*. I was proud, and prayed to God to humble me. I was a great novel and newspaper reader; and I saw that I wasted my time in this, and I was convinced I must give them up. So I packed up all my books and papers, and sold them for waste paper; and I would not have the money I got for them, but gave it away.

Still, I thought there was no harm in having one newspaper a week. I had it brought to me on Saturday night; But I had no time to read it then; and on a Sunday morning, while I was reading the Bible, the devil would keep telling me, "If it was not Sunday you could read your newspaper." I was convinced that this kept me back, so I gave it up. And now I dislike them, and I will not allow such things to come into my house; and the time I used to waste reading them I spend in reading the blessed word of God.

God knows the way to draw us to Himself; He laid me on a bed of affliction. I was very ill, and I was not prepared to die. When I thought of death, I was afraid, I began to cry unto God to help me. My pillow was wet with tears, when I thought of what Christ had suffered for me, for such an unworthy creature as me. I had the Bible in bed with me. I read the promises of the blessed word of God, and believed them. I took God at His word, and learned to walk by faith in Jesus Christ. All my doubts and fears left me. I was not afraid to die. I was quite prepared to go any time, if it was God's will. I was enabled to say, "Thy will be done." I was truly happy. I rejoiced so that I could not sleep night or day.

God, in His mercy, restored me to health; and now my peace flows as a river. I rejoice continually. I then became very anxious about the conversion of my children. There was not one converted at that time. I prayed to God continually for Him to save all my children; and the power of the almighty God came on them, and they cried for mercy; and He saved them.

I have now a happy home, as my husband and all my children, but one, have started for the kingdom.

"I am happy all the day,
Since He washed my sins away,
And I hope to never grieve Him any more;
For my Saviour He has washed me
In His all-atoning blood,
And I hope to see Him washing many more."

S. W.

A DRUNKEN SAILOR RESCUED; OR, THE PRODIGAL FOUND.

"To God the glory be."

The leaving of my cottage home
Through many changing scenes to roam,
Never changed my love of sin;
I found, alas! no change of lot
Could make the leopard change his spot,
Or Ethiop his skin.

I am the youngest of nine children. I was left fatherless at sixteen months old, but was blessed with a praying mother, who toiled hard, and prayed much, and spent many a sleepless night for her children. She toiled hard,

and, by God's help, brought us up in an honourable though humble manner. At a very early age, much against my mother's wish, I went to sea. When about to leave my childhood's home, my poor old mother, with many bitter tears, prayed that God would watch over and protect her poor unruly boy. After leaving home I soon forgot the prayers of my mother, and, alas! soon learned to drink and swear and fight, and that especially on a Sunday, which is generally the day for the dirty work of the devil. I rapidly grew worse and worse. Being on shore one Sabbath, and passing a Sunday school, I heard them singing, "I love Jesus!" and although drunk at the time, I remembered my Sunday-school days, and wept large and bitter tears, but still went on in my sins—seldom going to see my poor mother, and when I did I mocked her prayers. Yet I confess that, in times of great danger, I have been coward enough to rely upon the prayers I had so often despised.

At last I got so that I was a terror to all around me; I have drunk till I wished myself dead. Many a time I have nearly lost my life through drink, and under its influence have done horrid things. I have been three times in gaol—once sent there by my own brother. Twice I have well-nigh committed murder—once upon a shipmate and once upon my wife. The last time, my hand was uplifted, and the knife had already begun to descend, when, by the mercy of God, aid came; they grasped my arm; else we both had now been cold in death.

But, wonder of wonders! I am now converted. My poor old mother used to tell me, "It was a long lane that had no turning." Being on shore, one Sunday, I called at the Oriental Theatre with my wife, she then being a backslider. I went in to laugh. As I entered, dear Mrs. Booth was giving out a hymn. I had heard unmoved many a stern voice, both in anger and amid the howling of the storm, but the voice of this kind lady made my whole frame tremble, and the words she spoke fell upon my sinful heart like a thunderbolt. I sank upon a seat, not to laugh, but to weep; I stayed all the time, and after the service Mrs. Booth came and spoke to me so kindly that I was surprised that any one should care for a poor drunken sailor. I wept, and I even had to hold myself down to the seat with both hands, the Spirit strove so hard with me. She went away very sad: I have grieved many times that I caused her pain. I rushed out of the place, not to laugh, but to weep. I could think of nothing but the hymn she was giving out when we entered. I shall never forget the words—

> "O should the door be shut, When you come;
> Should God in thunder say, Depart from me away;
> It will be too late to pray: Be in time."

We both went home, but not to sleep; and all the next day, "Be in time," rang in my ears. On Monday night I went to the Union Hall. Thinking I had a dreadful ordeal to undergo, I left my waistcoat at home; I prayed and wept till I felt quite ill. No peace yet. I went home, not to go to bed, but to pray; and, bless God, I wept and prayed till I felt quite well again. That night was the best I ever knew: both self and wife found peace through believing, and we are now on our way to heaven. So great was my agony that night, that the neighbours were frightened, and the people in the house were afraid my brain was turned. But, bless the Lord, it was not my brain but my heart. O praise God for the Christian Mission! May God bless it, and all that pertain unto it, and help me and others to do all we can for it, and for His name and glory. Amen.

J. H.

LIMEHOUSE (THE PENNY GAFF).

As such our hall at Limehouse is generally spoken of amongst us, and such it was when, two years ago, it came into our possession; and when thus occupied it was certainly one of the most effective agencies for destroying sous that Satan possessed in this part of the East of London. A

writer, who subscribes himself "Iron Pen," thus describes the place in a paper in THE EVANGELIST at the time:

Wherever established, the presence of the Penny Gaff has invariably been found to produce a moral blight on the whole neighbourhood, seriously counteracting the work of the servants of God, and ceaselessly sowing the seeds of future life-long misery. The Limehouse Penny Gaff, has been no exception to the rule. Situated in one of the largest east-end thoroughfares, in the very heart of a densely populated neighbourhood, it has for years exercised a terrible evil effect on the impressible minds of the thousands of its juvenile frequenters, impregnating the inexperienced young with an irresistible desire for the evil company of thieves, prostitutes, and other children of vice and crime. The ribaldry and blasphemy, which were here to be heard from the lips of boys and girls, have been described as dreadful, sickening even to old and hardened swearers. Two or three performances generally took place each evening, and while one was going on, those who were to form the audience of the next, were huddled indiscriminately together in a low, ill-lighted cellar, where the language and demeanour of both sexes were horrible and revolting in the extreme. This cellar was a perfect Pandemonium of vice, worthy of Sodom and Gomorrah, and from its hordes of child-frequenters, were constantly recruited the teeming ranks of fallen and miserable women, who drag on a wretched existence in the many houses of ill-fame, which are to be found within a stone's-throw of the gaff. No wonder that in the eyes of those who feared the Lord, the place had become a crying scandal.

Fortunately for the sake of the youthful poor of East London, the people connected with the Limehouse Penny Gaff overstepped the strict line marked out by the law, and were at once pounced upon by the watchful police. Eager to prevent the building falling into the hands of others who would experience no compunction in procuring their livelihood by continuing its use as a gaff, an attempt has been successfully made to secure it as a station for the East London Christian Mission, so that the walls which have often rung with coarse jokes and ribald songs, may echo in future with inspiring hymns of divine praise, heartfelt supplications for grace and mercy, and glorious utterances of sweet and blessed gospel truths.

The same writer describes the opening in another paper in the same periodical.

A PENNY GAFF FOR A MISSION HALL.

Very changed was the aspect of the building from the appearance presented by it when its walls rang with the lewd songs of painted mountebanks, and its child audiences shrieked their delight at the disgusting antics of shameless female dancers and comic singers. The filth and dirt which encrusted roof and walls had disappeared, the "boxes" had been taken down, the stage converted into a respectable platform, and the whole place so completely transformed as to be scarcely recognisable. The earthen floor, trampled into hardness by the feet of thousands of boys and girls, had become covered with substantial planking, and the crazy forms had made way for strong and comfortable seats. The change was marvellous. True, the interior retains its humble and almost primitive aspect, there being an utter absence of the merely ornamental; but, contrasted with its former appearance, it is as if it had cast aside its robes of evil, and had donned new and more cleanly attire preparatory to re-commencing life afresh.

The congregation was so numerous that the gates had to be kept locked for the purpose of preventing overcrowding. Far and wide had spread the strange rumour that the Gaff was about to be turned into a Mission Hall; but people would scarcely believe it. The drunkards and courtesans who haunted the neighbouring gin-palaces and low beer-shops, made merry with the idea, and laughed at the proposal to turn a building, so vile in its uses as to deserve the designation of "an ante-room of hell," into a place where salvation might be

preached to the lost and erring, where the converted might be initiated in the divine mysteries of faith, and where straying lambs might be safely guarded back to their heavenly Father's fold. But the change did take place. The work of the Almighty is not to be stayed by the doubts and sneers of the children of the world; and when, at last, the gaff was opened for the purposes of prayer and preaching, it seemed as if a new life had dawned upon the neighbourhood. During the whole of the opening services, a great crowd was assembled outside the place. Some, who had come for the purpose of showing their dislike to the new order of things, indulged in language of the most horrible description; numbers of children, whose morals had completely disappeared under the olden pernicious influence of the gaff, and who were fast ripening into juvenile drunkards and thieves, every now and then shouted out the foul and blasphemous slang expressions with which—with painful precocity—their lips had become so familiar; but among the crowd there were many who seemed to ponder thoughtfully over the change, listening with quivering lips and moistened eyes to the hymns of praise and salvation which arose from the band of believers congregated within the building, and gazing with a strange yearning look at the closed doors behind which were being uttered the glorious tidings of God's undying love for man, of Christ's terrible sufferings on the blood-stained cross in proof of that Divine affection for those fashioned in His wondrous form.

As if impressed with a due sense of the importance of the great work commenced that evening, Mr. Booth, and those assembled with him, preached, prayed, and sung without a moment's intermission, throughout the whole evening, the loud "amens" of the congregations continually showing how their hearts had been stirred to the uttermost depths. Nearly all seemed to belong to the humbler classes. There were mechanics, labourers, seamstresses, sailors' wives, work-girls, costermongers, and others to be found amongst them, their clean and orderly appearance testifying to the social improvement which had rapidly followed their conversion. And this is what our rulers would do well to study. The work of religious teaching is invariably followed by a vast amount of moral regeneration. When men and women are gained over to the service of God, they begin to understand better their duties both to themselves and their fellow creatures. For several hours was the service kept up, the enthusiasm of the congregation increasing every moment, every one present being seemingly eager to display his ardour in the great work; and when, at last, the lateness of the hour necessitated the conclusion of the evening's proceedings, there were few who did not feel stronger and happier for the words of cheer and holy exhortation to which they had listened, or thankful at having assisted in the commencement of what, with God's blessing, bids fair to become a means of much good and usefulness in one of the most wretched, neglected, and irreligious neighbourhoods in this great metropolis.

And since that night the work to which this place was thus dedicated has gone steadily on; and not only is the gospel preached and sinners converted, but from it there go forth bands of men and women to spread the knowledge of salvation in the dark neighbourhoods round about. Take a few illustrations of the work done.

A GAROTTER SAVED, AND MAKING RESTITUTION.

Some few months ago, a young man heard some of our brethren preaching in the open-air; the word arrested his attention, and he stopped to listen, and came several times to hear them afterwards. One night, he followed them into the hall, to the temperance meeting, and was induced to sign the pledge; but he still remained a stranger to God. The Holy Spirit was at work with him, and he could not rest, but continued to attend the meetings. One evening, after the preaching, he stayed the prayer meeting, but was so miserable, he went in and out seven or eight times; at last he came to the

penitent form, and was saved. He then told us some of his difficulties, and asked us how he should act. He said, he had been very wicked, and had maintained himself by thieving. Some time ago, he had garotted a gentleman, and stole from him a watch and some money, and ran away to this end of London, to escape being taken by the police. He now saw the evil of it, and wished to do what was right. He was advised to go to the gentleman, and tell him all about it, which he did; and he promised to forgive him, on condition that he paid £2 10s. in a year. He promised to do it, and is now paying it off as well as he can. He is persevering in the midst of many difficulties, having been out of employment much of the time since his conversion. He holds on, however, to God and his people.

THE CONVERSION OF AN ACTRESS.

We will give a short outline of her life, as we had it from her own lips.

"When about five years old, I was sent on to the stage by my mother, to perform with other children of my own age, and, attracted by the scenery, music, and gaiety, soon came to take a delight in it; and as I grew up having no one to care for me, and no other way of obtaining a living, I followed the profession of an actress for some time. By and by, I got tired of it, and began to wish for a different way of living. I often felt that I should like to be good and religious, but I did not know how to set about it. I tried to earn my living by needlework: but, that failing, I took a situation to go abroad with a lady, but the gentleman dying soon after our arrival, I had to come back again. I then did as well as I could with my needle, and in my way tried to be good, and leave off my bad ways; but all seemed dark to me, and there was no one to show me light; and, being again out of employment, my only resource was to return to my mother's house. Here I soon lost all my good inclinations, and again gave myself up to the stage.

"Some time ago, I came to London that I might get engagements at the theatres, and, until the theatrical season commenced, took a situation in a dressmaking establishment.

"I now hated religion and all who professed it, and spent my time and thoughts entirely in planning schemes for future success. My Sabbaths were my most miserable days; I knew not how to get over them: sometimes I passed most of the day in bed; at others, I would look over my acting-dresses, or study my pieces for the stage. There were others working in the same room, as giddy and thoughtless as myself. When I went among them, they told me they had a religious young lady working with them; but she happened to be away the day I entered, so I did not see her at first. But, though unseen and unknown to me, I hated her in my heart, and made up my mind I would have nothing to do with her, and on no account would I have my seat next to hers. I kept my resolve a short time, and joined the others in ridiculing her.

"One day, she asked me where I lived; I said, 'At Limehouse.' 'So do I,' she said, 'so we may as well be company for each other to and from work.' I had no good excuse to offer for not doing so, and I said, 'Very well' (though I did not half like it), and we began to walk to and fro together. One morning, I began telling her how I spent my time, and what I intended to do, as soon as the theatrical season commenced. She listened to my story, and then told me a little of her religious experience, and how differently she had felt since her conversion; and asked me if I would not like to live such a life. I felt in my heart I should, so I said, 'Yes; but I did not know any other way in which I could get my living, and I did not think it could ever be so with me.' 'Well,' she said, 'I go to a little meeting of Christians every Tuesday evening; will you come with me to-night? I am sure you will be very welcome.' After some hesitation, I consented, saying, 'I think they will turn me away, when they see me.'

"Evening came, and she gave me no chance to get out of my promise; so I thought, 'I will just go and see how they go on.' When we came in, they

were at prayer; but I knelt down with the rest, so that I might not look particular, saying to myself, 'When you are in Rome, you must do as Rome does.' When we rose from our knees, a hymn was sung, with the chorus,

'For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain.
And give us the victory again and again.'

I could not make out what was meant by the Lion of Judah, and thought, 'What a queer lot they are!' but, at the end of the hymn, I began to like it, and wished they would sing it again. During the evening, I had a good look round at everybody, especially noticing the leader, and trying to make up how I could take off these Methodists, as I termed them."

We noticed her careless behaviour, but went on with our meeting as usual; at last we spoke to her, asking if she would like to be converted, she said, "Oh, yes," in a very careless manner. We then spoke of the danger she was in, and what a miserable end such a course of sin would lead to; and pointed her to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. She said she was quite sure God could never save her—there was no salvation for such. "Well, let us ask Him," we said; so we all went to prayer on her behalf. We entreated her to give up her sins, and yield herself to God; but she seemed determined not to do so, and said so. "I have two engagements at the theatre," she said, "and I cannot give them up;" and, brushing away a tear that would come, in spite of all her efforts to keep it back, exclaimed, indignantly, "What a fool I am to cry."

We continued praying, and felt determined not to give up till God had saved her, if we stayed there all night. For some time she continued to resist; but at last she gave way, and cried out, "By God's help, I give it all up, and will never again darken the theatre doors. Oh! Heaven help me!" This encouraged us to plead on, and we now felt sure of victory. We urged her to cry for mercy till God saved her; which she did, crying out, "O Lord, have mercy upon me! Lord, help me." At last she cried out, exultingly, "Oh, He does save me—I believe He does;" and looking round the room in astonishment, she asked, "Oh, wherever am I?" We assured her she was quite safe, in the company of God's people; and told her to thank Him for saving her, and we all joined in praising God for her deliverance. She then earnestly entreated God to give her strength to stand firm, and courage to tell her companions she had done with their ways for ever; and begged that God would save them too.

We asked her if she would not like to get a lodging with some Christian people, where she would be away from those who would jeer at her, and try to turn her aside; but she replied, "Oh, no; God has saved me, and I am sure He can save them, and perhaps He will use me in doing it. I must go back to them, and tell them what God has done for me. I came into this room a hardened sinner; but how different I leave it: it seems too wonderful to be true." So we left her, and, praise God! she is still going on, though, as she said, no one but God and herself knows what she has passed through. But, she says, "I served the devil long enough, and I do not mind bearing a cross for Jesus." Her only desire seems to be to tell everybody what God has done for her, and that He can do the same for them. She has been out of employment nearly ever since, and has suffered continued opposition from her friends and the members of her family; and many are the suggestions of Satan to go back to the stage and earn plenty of money, instead of fighting with poverty and persecution. But, she says, "I look up to God, and He helps me; and I feel I would rather suffer and starve than go back.

As we write these lines she is still waiting for God to open a way by which she can earn an honest living; and should not the prayers of God's people go up on her behalf, that she may be kept steadfast, especially when we remember that, as far as earthly friends are concerned, she is alone in the struggle? May God bless and preserve her, and save many more such.

THE FIRST FRUITS GARNERED FROM THE GAFF.

Another gem in the Saviour's crown,
Another saint in heaven.

Sister Francis was convicted while listening to the speaking in the open air. She was much troubled about her state, but the conviction wore away. One evening, more out of curiosity to see the Gaff as a mission hall than anything else, she, with another young woman, came to hear the preaching. While listening, her fears were again aroused; she saw what a sinner she had been, and before she left cried to God to have mercy on her soul. Her prayer was heard and she went home in peace. She continued to follow on to know more of God, and in a short time three of her children were converted also. About three months afterwards she was taken ill, and continued so, more or less, until the time of her death; but in the midst of poverty and suffering, she rejoiced in God her Saviour, and was enabled to say, "Thy will be done." On one occasion when I visited her, she said, "Oh, how glad I am that the Gaff was ever opened, and that the Lord led me into it and saved my soul. I might now have been still following in the ways of sin and wretchedness; but God had mercy on me, and snatched me as a brand from the burning." I replied, "Then you think if you die now you will go to heaven." She answered, "Yes; my lamp is trimmed, and I am waiting my Lord's coming."

Though severely tried with outward circumstances—her husband being out of work, and a family of little children wanting bread—she was enabled to cast her care on God, and would say to me, "He always sends us something; He will provide."

One evening while holding a meeting in the open air, some one came and told me that if I wanted to see her alive I must go at once. I did so, and found her much worse, but willing either to live or die. She said, "I do miss the singing so much; sing me one of our hymns." So I sang, "My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine," &c. As I sang she raised her hand and said, "I do;" and when I came to—"In mansions of glory and endless delight, I'll ever adore Thee," she said, "Yes, I will." I said, "Would you like to die or get better?" She looked round at her children who were weeping by her bed-side, and said, "For their sakes I feel sometimes as if I would like to get better; but when I think of the delightful place to which I am going, it makes me long to be there." I prayed with her and left her, expecting to meet her no more on earth, but she revived, and still lingered on for some time. One day two of our sisters visited her, and she asked them to sing "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." She said, "I am on that Rock, Christ Jesus." The other day I was sent for again, and I found her very much worse. I asked, "How is it with you now?" She answered, "All is well; religion is a reality." I read the 14th of John to her, and she said, "I shall soon be in my mansion above." I then sang, "In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest." "Yes," she said, "I shall soon prove what that rest is," and shortly afterwards fell asleep in Jesus.

BETHNAL GREEN.

THREE COLT'S LANE.

In Three Colts Lane, a very dark part of Bethnal Green, we had, soon after the commencement of the Mission, a room that would contain about one hundred and thirty persons. This room was often crowded to excess, not only on Sabbath evenings, but on week nights. In it we were most pertinaciously and bitterly persecuted. If we opened the windows for

ventilation, mud and stones, and occasionally fireworks, were thrown through, and in consequence we had to sit and endure the stifling heat until it was impossible for delicate people to remain in the place. Sometimes trains of gunpowder were laid right into the room. The dress of one devoted sister was thus actually set on fire during the service. The doors and shutters were continually battered, and almost every square of glass in the windows broken; while outside, the open-air gatherings were continually harassed by the police, set on by the landlords and frequenters of adjacent public-houses, an example of which is given at page 8. In the midst of these very trying annoyances, blessed meetings were held night after night. We believe many were truly converted, some of whom are among our most active labourers. Nevertheless, the opposing influence prevailed, and we were ultimately turned out of the place. We then took

AN OLD TIN PLATE FACTORY

in the Old Bethnal Green Road, and turned it into hall, school, and class rooms, which from the first were crowded; but this, after eighteen months' occupancy, came down for a railway; and ultimately our friends took refuge in an old chapel in Hart's Lane, Bethnal Green Road, in which they say John Wesley often preached, and which we call

HART'S LANE MISSION HALL.

Here they have established themselves with schools, open-air services, and all the varied means and measures employed in the Mission. With larger premises, this band of brethren would be able, we doubt not, to do a great work. We hope the time is not far distant when they will possess a Hall equal to the necessities of this deplorably dark neighbourhood. Already God has commenced working with them, and is showing the signs and wonders which ever attend His presence. We gave an incident or two that have transpired in connection with the work in Bethnal Green, at page 20.

STRATFORD.

W. H. Crispin, Esq., a gentleman having a factory here, and anxious to do something on behalf of the spiritual interests of his workmen and others of the same class, erected a small room, and instituted some preaching services. Some time afterwards he invited us to help him, and the result was the commencement of a branch Mission. About that time the Unitarian chapel was for sale, and our friends enabled us to purchase it; and since then the work has been regularly carried on in it. In no part of London have we encountered greater discouragements, difficulties, and persecution than here. The following extract from a brother who laboured here for a season will give not only some idea of the opposition we have met with, but also enable the reader more fully to understand the methods we have been led to employ :—

A CAMP MEETING AT STRATFORD.

This is a quiet place, and yet thousands of the people seem literally given over to the devil: and the choicest sport of many of them consists in persecuting and blaspheming the children of God.

Though all denominations are represented in the neighbourhood, open-air preaching is so peculiarly confined to us, that for this one thing we have become the butt of the scoffers, and the song of the drunkard. But the saints are firm. Hallelujah. And God is faithful, and "the word which goeth forth out of His mouth, shall not return unto Him void!"

June 28th was set apart for holding a Camp Meeting. At 7 a.m. a prayer meeting was held for a baptism of fire. Before 10 a.m. the Poplar band of navvies and coal porters, with several brethren, came to the hall. After prayer, a procession was formed; and, defiant of perils, and fearless of men, they marched on, making Bow Bridge and the Old High Street ring with the hymn,

"Jesus, the name high over all
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly!"

With this and similar strains, prayer, and exhortation, a number of streets were missioned. Some of the people blessed us, some cursed us, and we were made a gazing stock to all. But heaven smiled, and God was with us as, in the dust of the high road, our company knelt, and amid the commotion of excursion trips, and the grimaces of the infatuated crowds hastening out of London to a Sabbath's revel at Epping Forest, asked the convincing Spirit of God to come down upon Stratford.

At a little past eleven we got to the stand, where a van and forms had been placed. These helped the order of the meeting very much. The sun struck down its burning heat on that 28th of June so that the speakers perspired as much on that day as on any of the previous six spent in the docks and coal barges, toiling for a crust to keep up the strength thus spent in the cause of God. They spoke, sung, and prayed only as men can speak, and sing, and pray, who are fully persuaded, blessed with a faith that works, a hope that's lively, and a devotion that presents the body a living sacrifice.

In this spirit the services were continued through the day, and some of the roughest, rudest men and women in the East of London were constrained to listen for hours in unbroken attention, and on departing, to confess that a religion like ours must be of the Lord.

At 7 p.m. the singing procession was reformed and marched to the Mission Hall, where an experience meeting was held. The Hall was filled. Those who stood up told with much feeling of the Divine power which took them from drunkenness, uncleanness, and all kinds of iniquity. And all hearts were stirred as those brands plucked out of the burning "sang unto the Lord a new song."

The next day a tent was pitched in the fields. After tea the service was commenced by Mr. Booth, and as the factory hands left work, crowds came to hear. Many who had heard the word sounding through their windows on the Sunday came to the tent.

A RAGING MOB BAFFLED.

The speakers were enabled to put the plainest truths in the most homely way. But gradually a crowd gathered, who were evidently bent on mischief. Outside the tent half-drunken fellows beat the tent with sticks, threw stones, and flung children through the canvas. A large number of low Irish Romanists, especially females, did their best to provoke a riot. Inside a number of youths *intoned amens* at the close of every petition, others laughed at the sport, and made most awful mockery. One batch of men who had come to cut the ropes, caught in the act, came by invitation inside, and these unexpectedly took up cudgels for us, and spreading themselves through the tent, did good service in ejecting four or five roughs, and holding in awe most of those who remained to annoy.

By this time many hundreds were come together in the field, and it became a necessity to close the meeting. This was a signal for a general tumult, in which the ropes were cut, the lamps seized and emptied on the ground, which set fire to the grass; and but for the diligent care of many hands, would have burnt up the tent.

Several of our friends received heavy blows, our opponents thus signifying their willingness to fight: but the Lord reigned, and kept His people in peace.

Several things were stolen, the tent sorely rent, and much crockery was smashed. About 10.30 the police came to our assistance, and very near midnight we returned home with hearts full of gratitude to Him who had restrained not only our enemies, but His own children; who, with far less provocation, a few weeks ago, would have fought like demons.

We might fill page after page in recording the discouragements we have met with at this station. We forbear, and give one as a sample case of many that have amply repaid all our toil, and kept us cheerfully working on.

P—, a working man, strolling down the Bow Road, with head aching and heart heavy as the result of the previous night's debauch, heard our Br. L— preaching near Bow Brewery; was convicted of sin, the word (as he said himself) going right through him; and, instead of making him happy, made him more miserable than ever. He followed our friends to the Hall, and attended every meeting, and sought God until He revealed Himself unto him as a God forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin. Some time has passed away since then, but he is with us still, walking consistently and standing firm, although called to suffer all manner of persecution from the ungodly men among whom he works. His conversion was the means of bringing his wife to Jesus. May we meet them both in heaven.

CANNING TOWN.

This place is about a mile and a half east of Poplar. Great numbers of men working in the docks and on the coal barges reside here. For some time three or four brethren, living in the neighbourhood, attended our meetings at Poplar; but finding the distance too much for them after the day's work, and anxious to do something spiritually for their own families and neighbours, implored us repeatedly to open a branch, promising to do their utmost to sanction its services. Regarding this as a providential call to visit the place, we took the public rooms, and opened them in the name of the Lord. The results have fully justified the steps taken. A number of brands have been plucked from the burning, and good congregations gathered to hear the word inside. And throughout the Mission there is not a better sphere for out-door work. Regularly every Sabbath do hundreds of rough working men throng to hear our brethren preach free salvation through the blood of the Saviour in the open-air.

In connection with this branch we have also a most interesting work among a number of gipsies who camp in the neighbourhood in the summer time.

The following account of a visit paid to this camp by a Christian brother appeared in a recent number of "The Christian," entitled,

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION AMONG THE GIPSIES.

Not far from the Barking Road Station on the Woolwich line, is a range of marshy land, known to the inhabitants as Cherry Island. On this island there is a sort of permanent gipsy encampment, containing some sixty persons. An interesting feature in connection with this encampment is that sixteen of them are on the Lord's side and connected with "The Christian Mission," and great numbers of people are weekly brought together here to "hear the gipsies preach."

Being about to go into Kent "hopping," they held a farewell tea and public meeting on the 16th ult., both of which had to be "done" in the open air. Having received an invitation, we, on the evening named, started for Cherry Island; arrived there, we found the encampment to comprise a dozen large caravans, and about the same number of tents. The tea gathering was quite picturesque; seated upon the grass in a large ring were about 200 friends from the different stations of the Christian Mission, who had come to bid them good-bye. In the centre was a long table holding the edibles; at each corner was hoisted a flag, whilst on the table were several beautiful and in some cases rare plants. Flitting about among the crowd were seen the gipsies—the women with their dark faces, jet black hair, and bright laughing eyes; and the men with their bright coloured neckties and vests, conveying tea here and huge plates of cake and bread and butter there. Happiness beamed on every countenance, but on none more so than the gipsies'. As we approached a hearty welcome and a genuine "God bless ye" was given us. Tea being concluded, and all having joined in singing thanks, another ring was formed a few yards distant, and then commenced the public meeting. And this was a sight equally interesting with the former. Our gipsy friends occupied the inner circle; sitting in front of them were grouped their children, while round about were gathered the friends from a distance. Brother W— the superintendent of the Poplar and Canning Town branches of the Mission conducted the meeting, which was opened by singing the hymn,

There is a better world, they say,
O so bright.

After prayer and a short address, a big brawny man stept into the ring and told us how God had converted his soul. He appeared to be the leader of the band. Out of a family of twelve brothers and sisters, nine of them were hopefully converted.

He said: "God's Spirit had been striving with me for years, but it was only seventeen months ago that I decided for Christ. Just as soon as I was converted I thought that I must go and tell my old father and mother about it. My mother began to cry, because she thought I was surely gone mad. After I had talked and prayed with her a bit, she said her heart was broke, and bless God she got converted. Well, then I prayed for my little wife—that's her standing there—I was afraid that she would be a hindrance to me, but she wasn't, for, praise the Lord, in a little while she got converted too, and now we are praying together for our little ones. When we went hopping last year our master didn't like our singing and praying, but one and the other spoke to him about his soul, and we all prayed for him, and after a bit he got converted. This year he has sent for us, and he says that we shall have his orchard to hold our meetings in. I am very sorry to have to leave the Mission folk, for they have been great help to us, but praise the Lord, we aren't going to leave Jesus behind; no, no! for we are bound to take Him into the hop country with us."

This man's wife spoke next, and our hearts rejoiced as she repeated promise after promise from God's sacred word; all of which she said were for her. Seeing that she had been converted but nine months, we were surprised at her knowledge of the scriptures; but hers was not the only case we met with, proving how wonderfully the Spirit teaches those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Next came their niece, who told us that "she bean't fifteen till come November, but, bless the Lord, I haven't had my deserves, no, for instead of being in hell, I am on my way to heaven." And then in her uncouth but simple and affecting manner she related to us the story of her conversion.

Then stept into the ring the first speaker's nephew, who commenced by saying, "Although I live in a tent, I'll not be called a gipsy, because I am a King's son." He told us that he had been a fearful drunkard and blasphemer, but those were things of the past, for now his feet were on the rock Christ Jesus.

And now came a man who told us that he was awakened to a sense of his lost and ruined state while coming from Epsom races. He said he was so wicked then, that he would not have shirked even murder if he could have got anything by it. "But now," he said "if I can only earn my daily bread, I'll stick to chair mending." He said, "I don't know my A B C, but Jesus didn't refuse me on that account."

At this juncture Brother W— announced that the tea Committee had been settling their accounts, and found that they had a surplus of a few shillings, which the gipsies purposed distributing among the poorer members of the camp, amongst whom were two widows with large families.

Next came a fine, intelligent looking man, who told us he couldn't speak much, because he hadn't been brought up in a college, and couldn't read; "but," he said, "I can read my title clear to mansions in the sky." Though far from discarding education, we thought this the best of all reading.

Several others spoke, but space will not admit of our giving even an outline of their experiences.

It was near ten o'clock, and reluctantly we were compelled to leave, but before doing so we visited the widows before spoken of. We found them sitting in front of the dying embers of a camp fire. We asked them if they loved the Lord, and were right for heaven. One replied, "I hope so," but the other, with her face beaming with hope and happiness, said, "Bless God, I do; I hate the things I once loved, and love the things I once hated;—I shun the appearance of evil;—I try to please God, and isn't that it?"

We returned to bid our friends good-bye, and found that they had commenced a prayer meeting. In the centre of the ring were three or four penitents, whilst one, they told us, had stept into liberty.

We left them, truly delighted with what we had seen and heard, wishing that all the friends of the Christian Mission could have been there and seen its gipsy branch, and listened to the touching experiences of these once wild outcasts of society. Unpolished stones from nature's quarry indeed they were, but it could be seen that a hand, not mortal, had been at work on them, chipping off a rough corner here, and filling up an uneven fissure there, thus fitting them for a place in the temple below, and ultimately for a place in that

. . . . city which hands have not piled,
That far away country by sin undefiled.

Long shall we remember our visit to the gipsy encampment.

J. F. R.

BOW COMMON.

Ever since we became more particularly acquainted with the East of London, we have felt specially interested in this deplorably dark district.

Here among manure manufactories, gas works, match factories, chemical works, and other similar establishments, live thousands of people in utter indifference and ignorance of spiritual things. About twelve months ago a Hall capable of containing about two hundred and fifty people was offered, and this we at once secured. And in dependence on the King of kings, we opened it two days after it came into our possession.

The following extract, received from a brother appointed to take charge of this station, from one of the first reports, will show how the commencement was made. He writes:—

A START AT BOW COMMON.

On the Saturday evening we had a prayer-meeting, when one brother and myself were all that were present. The following Sabbath I preached in the morning to a small congregation, but Christ was precious to the few who were there.

In the afternoon we went into the open air. I said, "Take me into the worst neighbourhood you have." They did so, and all was peaceful; but, after we commenced the service in the hall, some one opened the door and threw in a couple of Yarmouth bloaters. I went to the door to see what was going to be next, and a pair of old boots came at me; but in spite of all this, God was amongst us. Bless His name!

At six o'clock, we took our stand at another part; and, while singing, a shower of manure came over a wall from a public-house, and the devil raged around us, but we stood our ground. I remembered I had never beaten a retreat since I had been a Christian; and when we had unfurled our banners we sang on to the Mission Hall. During the meeting, a drunken man came to upset us; but God was there, and although I had to stop and put the man out in the middle of my sermon, we had a good time, and two professed to find liberty. To God be all the glory!

Such was my start at Bow Common, with many others I might name; indeed, it seemed to me that, what with unruly lads, opposing policemen, scoffing publicans, drunken men, and storms of manure, herrings, and boots, this was indeed "Satan's seat."

In the Hall, and in connection with it, there have been here, as elsewhere, many gratifying cases of conversion. We give one from the journal quoted from above:—

A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Our open air meetings, among others, have been useful to a Roman Catholic. She took me aside the other night, and said, "For twenty-one years I have been a Roman Catholic. All that time I could not bear the name of these people I now love so much. But one night I heard them singing, and stopped to listen to what was said, and the Spirit led me to follow them to the Mission Hall. Here I found peace, and I am now very happy in Jesus; to Him be all the glory!"

THE DYING INFIDEL.

On Wednesday I was requested to visit a man, who, I was informed, was dying without God and without hope. When I entered the room, my soul was deeply moved to see quite a young man, evidently on the verge of eternity. He held out his hand to me; and, as I held his bony fingers, I asked him how matters stood for the next world, and pressed upon him the importance of being ready to meet God, urging him to seek mercy while it might be found through believing in the Son of God, who died for sinners. As I talked to him, I shall never forget the bitter, contemptuous expression which

sat on his face, as, fixing his rolling eye on me, he said, "It is very nice for you to talk in the way you do, but I do not believe a word you say. Religion," he added, with an oath, "is all humbug." And then, turning to his wife, he said, "Give me the Bible, and I will prove it to be a lot of lies." After quoting several passages which seemed to contradict each other, and I had given him my opinion, he said again, with an imprecation, I was a blackguard—that he had talked to the first men in London, and the Bishop of London had confessed to him that there were several portions of God's word he could not explain, "and do *you* think of putting me right?" he said. "It is all humbug; I have read and studied as much as any man in London." And now he was obliged to cease talking, to catch his breath; and as he gasped, I put in, "My friend, you may read and study yourself into hell; you will never get to understand your Bible without prayer; you must pray, and unless you do, you will be lost for ever." And then Brother A., who was with me, talked a bit, and then we prayed and left him to himself and God. Many times that day, and many times during the night that followed, I cried, "Lord, save the poor infidel." The next morning I again made it a matter of special prayer; and, while praying, I was impressed to send the man one of Mr. Booth's tracts, entitled "Undo your Work." I at once complied with the suggestion, and wrote a kind note and enclosed the tract, praying that God would bless it to the salvation of his soul; and, while praying, faith said "It shall be done." The following Saturday I decided to pay him another visit, and took with me the little book, "Come to Jesus." When I entered the room he was out of bed, on a chair, and he looked me in the face, and said, "Sir, did you send me a letter and a tract?" I said, "Yes; did you get it?" And with a smile playing upon his countenance, he said, "Yes; and I shall have to bless God for ever that you did send it; it has done me more good than all the reading and talking I have had in my life. I read it again and again, until I wept over it. It pictured out my own history, I felt I was a sinner, and began to pray, and have been praying ever since." I said "Hallelujah! I have brought you another little book, entitled 'Come to Jesus.' I thought you would be ready for it by now. Let us pray." And the burdened sinner said, "Sir, I will kneel down; it is a long time since I did." Down we went; and if ever my heart yearned for a sinner, that was the time. We had not been long on our knees before I began to sing—

"I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me;
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free."

After singing some time, I went on praying again, and then I sang, "I can, I will, I do believe that Jesus died for me." At that moment the man ventured his all on Jesus, and said, "I do believe the Lord has saved me."

He was made very happy, and when the doctor told him he could not live more than a few days or weeks at the most, he replied, *that he felt he should live for ever.*

He laid four months afterwards, testifying constantly, and to the last moment, to the power of the blood to cleanse, and of the Holy Spirit to comfort and support. Just before his death he told his wife confidently that he was going to Him, and died in peace. The visits of our friends, and the influence of the death of her husband, led to the conversion of the wife.

MILLWALL.

As at Stratford, so here, a gentleman, CHAS. OWEN, ESQ., Honorary Secretary of the Mission, commenced religious meetings for the benefit of his workpeople. Having occasionally met with us at a theatre service, he invited one of our workers to speak at a meeting held in his works. This led to a closer acquaintance, and finally an invitation for us to carry on

the movement in connexion with the Mission; he throwing himself into the work, and becoming one of the most earnest labourers in it.

At first a large room in the works was occupied, but afterwards a small hall was obtained in which meetings are now held. Here is a Sabbath school, a believer's class, preaching out-doors and in, &c., and here, as elsewhere, signs and wonders have been wrought in the saving name of Jesus. We select the following of many cases given in the various reports received from the station:

SAVED BY FAMILIES.

A WORLDLY AND GODLESS LAD

attended one of our meetings. The truth, as it is in Jesus, went home to his heart with power. He came again, and professed a change of heart. He at once forsook his "swearing and Sabbath-breaking companions," and entered with lively interest into our services. He then became anxious about

HIS MOTHER,

and begged me to pray for her. He lost no opportunity to speak to her about her soul. She treated the matter with cold indifference, and told him that "the affair was all excitement, and that the fever would leave him in a few days." He urged her to "come and judge for herself," and at length succeeded. She came, and the Lord met her; and He who is the "resurrection and the life" breathed into her the breath of life, and she lives in Him; and the mother and son are now walking consistently and humbly with their God. But my narrative ends not here.

HIS FATHER.

The head of that family, was a sore persecutor of godly people, and determined that his wife should not attend the meetings. Her change of heart and life presented too strong a contrast to his own. He threatened violence if she dared to hear that madman, as he was pleased to style me; and, upon her expressing her resolve to "serve God rather than man," he cursed both his wife and the preacher, and expressed the hope that God would strike her dead if she persisted in attending the services. He further promised that, "if his prayers were not answered, he would for ever close the door against her." The day of service arrived, and he asked whether she intended to hear me. She replied, with promptness, that "she did; and would rather die in our midst than at any other place." The reader of this story of grace can imagine the astonishment of the wife when told that her opposing husband proposed to accompany her. She was speechless. She tried to break the silence, but her heart was too full. "We may be happy yet," thought she. As the time for the service approached, she became uneasy lest she should be too late. I ought to have said that we had been in earnest prayer for some time for this poor and unhappy man. He came, he listened to the "old, old story," was interested; he whispered to his wife, "the speaker is not mad, he is perfectly sane." He was moved to tears on hearing that there was pardon for his sin. Again he whispered, "I am the madman, not the speaker." That man professed the "new birth" at the following meeting, and although he fell away into sin, he is restored, and is now one of the happiest men in Millwall.

A JUDGE CONVICTED.

T. is possessed by nature of a measure of wit, and "love of fun," that has cost him dear. He is just the kind of "jolly fellow" whose services the publican, wishing to "draw a trade," likes to secure in order to keep out the "devil of gloom," who will insist on intruding his unwelcome company even into the

palace of the drunkard. He was, too, eminently cut out for his work, for a harder drinker, and a "better fellow," could not easily be found. For evidence of the appreciation in which he was held, he was duly elected a "judge" to a "judge and jury" holding its sittings on the Lord's day in "a low public." One Sabbath evening, however, while on his way to the "sitting," he stopped to listen for a few minutes to some of our brethren who were preaching at the corner of the street where he resided. The arrow of conviction reached his heart, and he was found the same evening in the Mission Hall, sitting, attentively listening to the story of the cross from an ordained *navvy*—a man of spiritual education, *schooled* in the fire of daily conflict with the world. Conversion was the result. The drunkard is now a sober man, and the drunkard's home is the head-quarters for our cottage meetings; and T. may now be found testifying for the Lord that taught him and many others to flee from the wrath to come, in the same street where once he was a ringleader in drunkenness and revelry.

OLD FORD.

Some of our people who had been much blessed in the Mission moved away from Whitechapel to this place. They were deeply impressed with the open and avowed wickedness of the people, and the very natural question at once rose to their lips, Can't we do something? They thought if a branch could be established there, a testimony for God could be borne in the open air, and a few souls might be gathered in. But where must it be? As a beginning, two rooms were knocked into one, and these were occupied for a season; but soon becoming too strait for us, a comfortable hall was obtained, in which a little company were gathered from the world. This place we have had to leave, and again take refuge in a room; and now our friends are trusting in the Lord to open their way to a larger and more suitable place.

STOKE NEWINGTON.

In the spring of this year (1870), Mrs. Booth held a series of special services in this place. They were much blessed, and considerable interest was awakened. When Mrs. Booth announced that her labours must terminate, a few friends requested that a branch of the Mission should be established there, in order that the work might be continued. Accordingly, a place was looked for; the British School, a capacious room, was taken, an earnest brother was stationed on the spot, and, as the result, a number of poor people have been gathered out of the world and united into a society. Large congregations are obtained; many of the roughest class have been saved, and may be seen regularly sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right minds; and there are not, we are sure, many churches, chapels, or rooms in London in which such a congregation of real working people is regularly gathered to hear the word.

The following extract from the journal of the brother stationed here will, we think, interest our readers, showing something of the rough and earnest work done in the Mission:—

A MOCK RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

On the following Sabbath the agents of Satan got up an opposition open-air meeting. One was put up to preach, and the others sat round shouting "Amen." The Lord have mercy on them and save them. As our singing procession passed in the evening, one of them danced before it. But the Lord was with us of a truth, so that our brethren were ready to leap for joy. In the Hall the word was accompanied with the power of the Holy Ghost; many went away weeping on account of their sins, and were followed by the Spirit to their homes, some of whom came again on Monday and found peace in Jesus.

On Sunday, the 14th of August, the Lord revealed himself in a way that I never witnessed before in a public meeting. Many souls came to our precious Saviour; but some went out because they could not bear the presence of our God. This was a glorious week. There was not a meeting held without some poor sinner coming to the foot of the cross and entering into liberty.

A CAMP MEETING

Having been appointed for the 4th of September, we had prayer meetings at seven and nine o'clock in the morning, and then proceeded to the ground at Clapton in procession, singing and telling the people at their open doors, that by God's help we intended to bring the gospel to them, so that they would be without excuse at the bar of God. Many were affected to tears at the open-air meetings, which were followed by meetings at the Hall in the afternoon and evening. Several hundreds attended, and about four hundred were present at the love-feast. In the prayer meeting afterwards two souls sought and found mercy.

HACKNEY.

In the north-east of London is a considerable piece of waste ground commonly known as the London Fields. Once doubtless there was some appropriateness in this designation; but now the green grass grows only in tufts here and there, few and far between. The place has, however, from time immemorial, constituted an open space where infidels have argued, and all kinds of heterodoxy and orthodoxy have been most freely discussed and published abroad. In the summer time hundreds—nay, thousands—of people flock hither for a little breathing room; and here, by this oft-frequented highway side, the Lord put it into the heart of our dear brother, Mr. Eason, who resides in the neighbourhood, to erect a tent, that he might sow broadcast the seed of eternal life.

The first tent was erected six years ago; this soon becoming too small, a larger one was procured, and in it the word of life has been since proclaimed to thousands, and in it, we have no doubt, many have been born for heaven. The preaching has been continued every Sabbath in this tent through the summer, and in the winter the work has been carried on in a good room in Lodiges Road.

Our brother, on whom the burthen of this work has so long rested, has for some little time been anxious for co-operation, and circumstances making him more particularly acquainted with the practical working of this Mission, it appeared, after prayer and conference with the friends associated with him, that it was of the Lord that they should unite with us, and accordingly they did so.

Soon after the amalgamation it was our privilege to spend a Sabbath with our Hackney friends, and of our day's experience in the Tent, and of our estimate of the London Fields as a sphere for Evangelistic work, we can only speak in the highest terms. The tent is a large one, but every seat was occupied in the afternoon, and numbers stood listening all along one side left open for this purpose. At night it was packed, and would have been crowded had it held twice the number. We never saw in any place of worship people listen more attentively than did this audience, many of whom, we doubt not, had strolled forth without any intention of hearing a message from God concerning their everlasting welfare.

At the close of the evening sermon, we cleared a form and invited the anxious, and although the tent was crowded, several came forward for Jesus. One man who had been attending services on the fields for years, being concerned off and on about his soul, fell on his knees, and in a perfect agony cried out to God to save him. It was late before we could get the people away. Again and again we sang a hymn of praise and joy, and then we parted. The tent was kept up till the following night, when it was again crowded, and a soul professed to find the Saviour.

The union of this station with the Mission has so far worked well. True, only a few weeks have passed, but already there are signs of "abundance of rain." The interchange of labourers and the new methods of organisation employed, have encouraged the workers and consolidated the work. The offerings of the poor people have greatly increased, and the young men are going forth in bands to seek the crowd without, and altogether there is every prospect of this becoming a centre of blessed influence for the neighbourhood.

CROYDON.

During the months of April, May, and June of 1869, Mrs. Booth preached in the Public Hall, Croydon, and of those services the following brief notice appeared in the EVANGELIST:—

MRS. BOOTH AT CROYDON.

Lord's-day, June 20th, was Mrs. Booth's twelfth Sabbath in Croydon. She has preached twice each day, and on one week-night. From the commencement the attendance has been excellent; and throughout, very gracious influences have rested on the congregations, and accompanied the word. The good pleasure of the Lord has prospered, through the instrumentality of his handmaiden. In much physical weakness, she has sown the seed of divine truth; and the word of the Lord has not returned to Him void, but has prospered in the thing whereunto He has sent it.

It has prospered in the conversion of *sinners*. There have been about one hundred anxious inquirers on the course. Some of these have been remarkable conversions; and already by many evidence has been borne as to the genuineness of the change so satisfactory as to fill the hearts of God's people with joy. Will the readers of the EVANGELIST pray for these new converts?

One young woman wept and sought the Saviour one Sabbath, and professed to find him as her *Saviour on the way home. Before another Sabbath came round she was in the grave!*

The word has also prospered in the quickening of *believers*. It has been pleasing to see so many of different denominations sitting together, service after service, hearing and uniting in the after meetings, pleading for the salvation of the people, or pointing the anxious to the all-atoning Lamb. Night after night a little band of earnest workers has stood by Mrs. Booth, labouring most cordially and affectionately with her; and many have felt quickened and encouraged to live for God and eternity. *O, may they be kept near the cross!*

We were present at the tea and public meeting which closed these special meetings. During the evening a few friends who had taken a very prominent part in them asked the question of each other, "Ought not these meetings, or something similar to them, to be continued? There is a great need for them in Croydon, especially among the poorer classes." And then they turned to us, and asked "if we could not help them with some of our East End labourers?" We answered that we only saw one way, and that was the establishment of "a branch;" and that, though our hands were full with London work, if they would bear the financial responsibility, we would try. This was at once cheerfully acceded to and announced to the audience. The Workmen's Hall was engaged, and on the following Sabbath the services were commenced, which have been continued ever since with as great a blessing as has been experienced in the East of London.

At the first we occupied the Workmen's Hall on the Sabbath only, and during that period we were indebted to kind friends for the loan of several small halls for week-night work; but for the last six months we have had the Workmen's Hall altogether. We have taken it now for twelve months, by which time our friends are full of hope that they will be able to build one for themselves. They have made a commencement in the way of obtaining funds, and are looking out for a site; and in the coming spring they hope to begin building operations.

In no part of the Mission have we a more determined band of workers. The pertinacity with which they have stood by the open-air work, as described in page 7 of this Report, will show this; and we trust God has great things in store for them.

As illustrative of the blessing which has been vouchsafed at this station, we give the following letter, which *we* have read with peculiar interest and gratitude. We print it with scarcely any alteration from the writer's own words. Of course, the italics and capitals are ours, intended only, as in other places, to draw attention to features in it which appear to us particularly interesting:—

THE STORY OF A CONVERTED THIEF AND GAMBLER.

Dear Sir,—At the request of Brother T., I send you a brief account of my past life and conversion. It is now about thirteen months since God, in the plenitude of His grace, arrested me in my course to destruction. From my earliest recollection I was A VILE THIEF; as a rule, robbing my kindest and best masters the most, and boasting myself in this my wicked profession. I had many warnings from God, but I rejected them all. There was nothing I set my covetous eyes upon, but I soon invented some scheme to obtain it, and I always succeeded; and yet, at the same time, I never prospered. Eventually I took to GAMBLING, but not being very expert, I lost heavily. Notwithstanding this, my love for the accursed game increased with my losses, and my wages not being sufficient to meet the requirements of my play, I sought to supply my wants from my master's store. This went on for about four years, when God saw fit to open their eyes to a conviction that there was something wrong, and I was discharged on suspicion. For about two years after this I was an outcast, when I was induced by one of the brothers in the Mission, and *from curiosity*, to hear a female preach, and through dear Sister

T.'s sermon on the text, "How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" the Lord smote my conscience mightily. These convictions I could not shake off; indeed, they followed me so closely that I could not work. Still, as I would not yield, they wore away. Then the Lord, seeing that this would not do, tried me another way. That part of the sermon which had affected me most, was where Sister T. had spoken of a parent losing a child; and now the Lord removed *my* child; and when I thought how it might have been with me, the heavy scales fell from my eyes. I saw it was the Lord's doing; and then I went to His feet, confessed all my sins, and found His pardoning merey.

RESTITUTION.

During the four years I was in the employ above mentioned, I had stolen timber enough to make the greater portion of my household goods; and I had sufficient at the time to consign me to seven years' penal servitude; but I resolved, the Lord helping me, to *give again all that I had robbed*, before that year expired. On the last night of the old year, the Lord opened the way, and in His hands I placed myself. I hired a horse and a large cart, and filled it with the furniture made out of the stolen wood; but unfortunately the cart would not hold it, so I had to go first with a part. My poor wife was sorely distressed, being full of fear that she would not see me back. The night was wet and cold and dreary, and I had ten miles to go on this melancholy errand; but the Lord enabled me to stand to my purpose, assuring me that He would send me home a happier man than ever. And so it turned out, for my late masters freely forgave me; and though we were so reduced as to be compelled to come to have the clothes-box for a table, bless God! we were happier than we had been with a four-legged oak one; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

THE STOLEN WRENCHES.

Before this I had also stolen two wrenches from a marine-store dealer, and at first I feared to take them back; but I remembered God's promise that He would deliver all who put their trust in Him. Accordingly, I took them to the man, and he forgave me; and so again I proved the Lord's faithfulness.

In connection with my employment I had an opportunity of adding two shillings to my earnings by helping at funeral work; but seeing that this led to Sabbath labour, although I did it once, and though work was very slack at the time, and I feared my master would discharge me, still I said in my heart, I must give this up. I had better lose the half-crowns than lose my soul. And so, trusting in the Rock which was higher than I, I gave it up; and I did not lose my situation, nor my faith in God; and He made up my loss double another way; for when a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.

THE WINE BOTTOMS.

On another occasion, being removed to another situation, my present master gave me a hogshead of wine-bottoms, for which we generally get a sovereign. Though I took the money from the party to whom I sold it, I gave it my master, resolved, although in great need at the time, not to have anything to do with the drink traffic; and now the Lord has opened a way by which I can earn a little extra money by honest labour.

HIS CHRISTLESS BOOKS.

At the time of my conversion I had a quantity of books that had nothing of Christ in them, some rather expensive; and although tempted to sell them as waste-paper, I said, No; if they are not fit for me to read, they are fit for no one else; so I destroyed them all.

I sincerely trust that many may be brought to the feet of Jesus. This is the humble prayer of one of God's unworthy children. A. T. B.

P.S. Should you feel disposed to use my name in full, you are quite at liberty to do so; thinking that it may fall into the hands of some one who knows my former life, and thus lead them to feel that if God can save such an unworthy being, He can save them if they will but come.

BROMLEY IN KENT.

This small town of about 10,000 inhabitants is six miles from Croydon. A brother who had joined with our friends in the meetings at the latter town, thinking how useful our agencies would be in Bromley, invited the Croydon friends to visit them. Accordingly, a few Croydon friends procured a waggon and paid the place a visit. Hymns were sung and tracts distributed to the villagers as they passed on; and alongside the Town Hall, in the midst of the fruit-vendors and stall-keepers, they conducted a religious service. It was a good meeting, and many listened with much attention. They then held a meeting in a school-room, and afterwards passed through the market singing hymns and held another short open-air service.

The Town Hall was then secured for Sabbath afternoon and evening meetings, and the Independent friends kindly lent us their school-room for the week nights. After the second Sabbath, the lord of the manor sent for the brother in charge of the movement, and said to him that he was pleased with what he himself had heard at the Town Hall and what others had told him of the operations of the Mission, and that we were welcome to the use of the Hall free of charge. At present we cannot say more. It certainly appears to be an open door; if so, may the Mission have grace to enter and occupy it for the Master.

TOTTENHAM.

A branch has been just opened at this place, which is about one mile and a half from Stoke Newington. An earnest brother who resides here has for some time been visiting us at Shoreditch, and assisting at the open-air meetings, and very often expressed a wish that the Mission would visit Tottenham. A committee had been for some time holding services for the working classes; but not succeeding as they wished, they invited us to take the place, most cheerfully offering to work with us as they had opportunity. Accordingly, the Lecture Hall was engaged for Sabbaths and Tuesday evenings, and two other small halls for the other week nights; and on Sunday, October 16th, the first services were held. Though the day was very stormy, preventing any open-air work, and greatly interfering with the people getting out, still there was a good audience in the afternoon, and about two hundred were present at night; and, best of all, there were eight anxious souls, six of whom professed to find peace. A few warm-hearted friends have gathered round us, and we feel confident that we shall see a blessed work.

EDINBURGH.

Two years ago a gentleman from Edinburgh visited our Mission in the East of London, and was much impressed with our measures. He had for some time been engaged in a somewhat similar work at home, and he

returned and put in practice the different plans that he had observed working so effectively with us. He became from that time very anxious that we should make the cause which he had originated in Edinburgh a branch of our Mission. This was done on the understanding that no financial responsibility was to be incurred by us in London. After a season, however, circumstances led us to withdraw from all connection with this society, deciding to give up Edinburgh altogether. But a number of people there who had been blessed in the Mission would not hear of this; and, though only very poor, they united together, engaging to take all monetary responsibility, and to carry on the meetings among themselves, begging us to allow them to be considered as a branch of the Mission. This we could not very well refuse, and evidently a real, though it may be a small, work is being done; and who knows but it may be as the grain of mustard seed which may yet grow to be a power and a blessing among the thousands of poor degraded people in that great city. The following is an extract or two from letters received from the brother who takes the oversight of the station:—

We are still continuing the work of the Christian Mission in this city. The troubles and trials through which we have passed have more firmly attached us together, and we think we are willing to become all things to all men, so that we may win some to Christ.

We find much pleasure in open-air preaching, and in pressing home on all hearts the love of God. We wish to preach, not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves the servants of all for his sake. We have arranged to have open-air meetings in several parts of the city and neighbourhood. In this city of learning and churches the ignorance of the people regarding the way of salvation by simple faith in Jesus is very great. And but few come forth to proclaim the glad tidings in the streets and lanes where wickedness so much abounds.

Again this brother writes:—

We have left Dunedin Hall, because we were neither allowed to preach within a hundred yards of the place, nor to sing up the street to it. The fact that the owner is a Roman Catholic is, perhaps, the reason for this prohibition. There was also another mission at work close by, with which we did not wish to interfere, and so we have returned to

HYNDFORD CLOSE HALL.

where we have nothing to hinder our preaching out of doors except the wild people of the locality. But we have counted the cost. We want to work among these heathen-like inhabitants, and tell the glad tidings of Jesus' salvation to the truly destitute and ignorant. Although circumstances may change, and old friends may leave, there are others of a steady mind willing and anxious to work, joining our numbers. In the Lord only do we put our trust. Our object is single—for His glory, not man's.

BRIGHTON.

Mrs. Booth held services in the Dome at Brighton for about thirteen weeks, and God in a remarkable way gave her the ear of the people, blessing the word she spoke to many hearts. At the close of this effort, as at other places, the friends were anxious for a continuance of the work,

and a branch Mission was established. This has grown and prospered greatly; but a few weeks ago the members decided to separate from the Parent Society, and chose the agent whom we sent as their minister. Therefore, although originating with us, and having grown up under our superintendence, it has no longer any connection with us, and our responsibility with respect to it has entirely ceased. We very much regret this step on the part of Brighton, and have no doubt that time will prove it to have been a very unwise one.

HASTINGS.

For thirteen Sabbaths, Mrs. Booth preached in the Mission Hall here to overflowing congregations. The Holy Spirit graciously owned the word, and many were awakened and led to Jesus, while a very blessed quickening was realised by many of the Lord's people. We went down to the concluding tea on Monday, Dec. 12th, and were delighted with the warm loving spirit of the people. All seemed anxious, as it had been in other places, for a permanent revival work to grow out of the effort, specially adapted to reach and bless the common people. On the following Sabbath we preached in the Music Hall, and conferred further with the friends. As the result, it was resolved to form a branch of the Christian Mission; and a small committee, consisting of persons belonging to different other churches, volunteered to take the financial responsibility for the first three months.

If suitable places can be obtained for the services, of which we are full of hope, we believe a branch will be established here, which will be made an everlasting blessing, especially to the hardy fishermen, and all but untouched sons and daughters of toil who occupy the narrow crowded streets of the old town.

HOLIDAY MAKING IN THE MISSION.

Every year from the commencement we have taken our people for a day's enjoyment amongst the green fields. Perhaps under no circumstances would the spirit of the people be more apparent than when thus gathered for amusement and recreation. The last two years, Henry Reed, Esq., has kindly invited us to his grounds in Tunbridge Wells, and generously paid half the railway fare, all the other expenses of the excursion being borne by the people themselves. In July last, about 1400 persons availed themselves of his kindness, and the following is an abridged account of this visit, written and published at the time by a gentleman who made his first acquaintance with our people on that occasion. Consequently, his paper may be deemed at least impartial. It is entitled—

A DAY AT DUNORLAN WITH THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

BY A WORKER FROM ANOTHER CORNER OF THE VINEYARD.

After some introductory remarks, the writer says—

"The first train rolled away with its living burden at a quarter past eight, 'singing all the time,' for from almost every carriage was heard thanksgiving and the voice of melody, notwithstanding the pealing thunder overhead, which seemed to draw nearer and nearer at every discharge. The lightning was most vivid, and the rain fell in torrents. Still the happy people poured into the station, and by half-past eight the second train was filled, and within a few minutes the signal sounded and the train moved off, in one of the most violent thunderstorms experienced in this country for many years; but it did not stop the singing.

"We'll stand the storm, it won't be long;
We'll anchor by and by,"

sounded out from more than one carriage, mingled with songs before and behind of 'Hallelujah! Glory to God! I'm on my journey home!' 'Come and join our noble army!'

"The storm did not cease for some time, and the rain fell incessantly until the train neared Tunbridge. On arriving at the Wells, all was fair and dry; the soft breezes were delicious, and a screen of light clouds kept off the heat of the sun, but left a cheerful warm light in which the newly-washed verdure looked most beautiful.

"No time was lost in forming a procession of the two train loads of passengers, and when fairly in marching order, headed by Mr. Reed and Mr. Booth, with banners exhibiting precious watchwords and texts of Scripture, they commenced their march. The sight, as it ascended the hill leading out of Tunbridge Wells to Dunorlan was intensely interesting and impressive. Over the entrance-gates rose the ornamental device, 'Welcome to Dunorlan!' and a text of gospel truth surmounted each postern. The people sang all the way, displaying none of the disorderly frivolity and senseless antics of dissolute holiday-seekers, but filled with a sober joy, that beamed in every eye, and pervaded every look and every act. 'I must do all I can for my Jesus, He has done so much for me,' said one good woman, who said she had found Jesus in a cellar; and she told forth her joy and her happiness, her trials and her conquests to her Christian companions. The same spirit pervaded the whole gathering throughout the day."

After describing the beauty of the grounds, and noting what a paradise they must have appeared unto the poor people as they gathered for devotional meetings, or sat and sang the sweet songs of Zion under the shade of the wide-spreading trees, or alongside the rocks over which laughing cascades of water fell, or in the rustic grottoes and arbours hidden away with overlaying ivy, woodbine, or roses, the writer goes on to describe the disappointment experienced from another heavy storm, and the admirable manner in which it was borne by the people, who, instead of sitting down together on a green hill-side to the afternoon feast, as had been arranged for, had to crowd for shelter into the farm-buildings, and partake of tea in the most humble and simple manner possible. The writer then proceeds with his narrative:—

"For two hours it rained heavily, and there seemed no prospect of suitable weather for holding the love-feast on the terrace as announced; and therefore the happy, good-tempered people, so soon as tea was over, of their own accord, began prayer and experience meetings where they were. The whole cluster of farm-buildings soon resounded with praise, and many striking incidents

occurred. In one of the cow-sheds three seeking souls found their Saviour; —were *born again* in circumstances similar to those which surrounded the lowly birth of their glorious Redeemer; songs and shouts of glory and salvation from the saints around taking the place of the songs of the heavenly host over the plains of Bethlehem. It is impossible to describe the whole scene. *Such an exhibition of the power of real religion to control and make happy*—SERIOUSLY, EARNESTLY, JOYOUSLY HAPPY—*a mixed multitude of all ages, must be seen to be appreciated.*

"It became fair between four and five o'clock, and soon after the gong sounded for the love-feast on the terrace. Nearly a thousand people assembled, forming a ring round a central spot in which stood Mr. and Mrs. Reed, Mr. Booth, and some of the leaders and preachers; and for nearly two hours some scores of persons testified of the grace of God in their personal salvation and the power of God in connection with the work of the Christian Mission. The child of ten or twelve and the aged saint of seventy spoke of their love and devotion to Jesus; the venerable proprietor of the estate, standing in the midst, his white head towering above the majority there, told in simple weighty words what God had done for his soul, and his pious lady thanked the good Father of all even for trials and chastisements through which we are perfected and brought into unison with the spirit of the blessed Jesus. It was difficult to conduct a meeting like this, where hundreds of happy souls were eager to tell of their joy; and it seemed still more difficult to conclude it while scores of precious saints were left with unopened mouths on this great subject. But at length the end came: Mr. Booth's well-known voice called attention to a few brief directions for the return to the train, and with much earnestness and feeling he presented to Mr. and Mrs. Reed the grateful thanks of the people for the day's entertainment. This was responded to by the people on one side with uncovered heads and joyous amens, and by Mr. Reed on the other with a few kind and tender words, recommending 'Jesus only' as their motto, their example, and their glory. Like a polite, as well as generous host, Mr. Reed attended his guests to the railway station, and saw them safely depart for London.

"The journey home was in perfect keeping with the entertainment of the day. The voice of prayer and praise resounded from every carriage, and even in the train penitent sinners were being pointed to Jesus. Would to God that such sights and sounds were more common in connection with the excursions of His professed people; but judging from the surprised and puzzled air of the railway officials, *such* demonstrations on the side of Christ and His gospel do *not* often come across them. Of one fact, this annual excursion furnished most emphatic and glorious proof,—thatt he labours of Mr. and Mrs. Booth and their coadjutors have been abundantly owned in bringing souls to Christ. Such a band of living and earnest believers it was never before our lot to meet in one gathering, and we earnestly commend this blessed work to the sympathy and support of all who love the Lord Jesus, and desire the coming of His kingdom."

THE WORKERS IN THE MISSION

Have, for the most part, been brought to God in the movement, or through its instrumentality have been raised up from a backsliding state to a new and quickened life. The reader will have gathered in the preceding narrative that, though they may lack the human polish and refinement which education gives, they possess that simple faith, love for souls, devotion to their work, tact and courage in the face of difficulties, and that power in prayer which are acquired in no earthly school, but which the Master can alone impart.

The brethren wholly employed in the Mission are genuine working men. One has been a blacksmith, another a navvy, another a policeman, another a sailor, and the remainder have been engaged in similar callings. Consequently, they can speak to the working man as belonging to the same class, illustrating their exhortations with their own experience. They know the life of a working man; they understand the temptations which specially beset his downward path; and they know the peculiar trials and persecution he has to encounter when his feet are turned into the way of eternal life.

They can fall back in all their appeals to the crowd on their OWN EXPERIENCE, telling how the Christianity which they urge upon others has changed the vile habits of their lives, renewed their hearts, made them happy, and given them a good hope of a world where there will be no poverty, toil, affliction, or death. This *always tells*, and is *unanswerable*. The crowd may not understand their theology, although that is simple enough; but they can understand and appreciate this.

Then they can not only fall back upon what they have themselves felt, and seen, and handled of the word of life, but THEY CAN SING. When a ribald, hooting, half-drunken mob gathers, rendering talking unintelligible; or where attention flags, or the crowd lessens, they can raise their voices to some simple, lively strain, and thus *sing the Gospel*, and so charm the multitude to listen further to the story of the Cross.

Again, THEY CAN PRAY. In the streets, surrounded by unbelievers and sinners of every grade, often have we seen the rude crowd quieted and solemnised—nay, making a sincere show of reverence, while the brethren have fallen on their knees, and in earnest, heart-melting, heaven-moving strains prayed for the salvation of the people standing around.

LADY HELPERS.

In speaking of the workers, we must not omit to mention three ladies, who have given up their whole time to the work of the Mission without being chargeable to its funds. These superintend the sick visitation, mothers' meetings, distribution of relief and clothes, in addition to which they occasionally conduct public services, to which the Master has set his seal in precious and abiding fruit.

In addition to those whose time is wholly occupied in the Mission, there are a large number of persons who devote their leisure hours to the different kinds of service described in this report. At the commencement of the religious course of all the converts, we try to instil into their minds the conviction that they are to be soldiers of Christ, and that the fighting is to commence at once. And though, as in all Christian enterprises, many, by reason of the self-denial and persecution ever attendant on the work, grow weary, still a blessed residue remains, otherwise we could not sustain the numerous services carried on by the Mission. Verily, the Master will not forget this labour of love.

COMMITTEE.

It is now over three years since a number of gentlemen, belonging to different denominations, formed themselves into a committee to assist me with their counsel, and to take the financial oversight of the undertaking. Each member is fully conversant with the character and working of this mission, *and will be glad to give every information to any person desiring it.*

MAGAZINE.

In order to furnish a medium by which intelligence could be regularly conveyed to our friends, and to furnish reading calculated to stir up our people to full consecration and activity in the Lord's service, a monthly periodical, now entitled "The Christian Mission Magazine," price One Penny, was started in October, 1868. About 2,750 are circulated monthly, of which number over 2,000 are sold. We have reason to know that it has been useful, not only to our own people, but to other Christians, leading them to adopt some of our measures, and to put forth more energetic efforts for the salvation of souls.

OUR HYMN BOOK.

The importance attached to singing has been already noted in this Report; consequently a suitable Hymn-book from the beginning appeared very desirable, and not finding one containing a sufficient number of hymns suitable for the regular services of a congregation, and at the same time adapted to all the requirements of open-air and revival meetings, we prepared one. The book contains 530 hymns, and is sold, strongly bound, at 8d., and also in better bindings, and larger type. It is considered the best collection of the kind extant, and is very highly prized and freely used by the poor people.

THE SUPPORT OF THIS MISSION.

Such work as we have endeavoured to described in this Report must necessarily be costly. Theatres and halls, indeed any kind of places in prominent situations, involve a high rental. Workers who can give their whole time to visit and preach continually are indispensable to effectual operations amongst the poor. THE ENTIRE COST OF CARRYING ON THE MISSION AT PRESENT IS ABOUT FIFTY POUNDS PER WEEK. Towards this sum the poor people themselves do something. This they ought to do. It would be wrong to deprive them of the privilege of giving their mite, and if they prize the instrumentalities that have been blessed to them, and are rightly instructed, they will cheerfully give of their

substance, however small their contribution may be. THE OFFERINGS OF THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES AT THE VARIOUS STATIONS ARE NOW ABOUT SEVENTEEN POUNDS PER WEEK. Indeed nearly every station is paying all its working expenses,—that is, rent, gas, firing, &c.; in addition to which, others are contributing towards the salaries of the evangelists who work with them. For instance, the offerings at Whitechapel average five pounds weekly, which is nearly sufficient, not only to meet the heavy ground rent and working expenses, but also to pay the two brothers employed there. Still, if this work is to retain its purely evangelistic character, going down to the lowest strata of society, it must be supported from without. Those Christians to whom the Master has entrusted wealth, but who lack opportunity to join us, shoulder to shoulder and foot to foot, in this death-grapple with the powers and works and agencies of darkness, are, we think, under the most solemn obligation to help us by contributing of their substance to sustain us in the fight. If brethren and sisters have voluntarily given themselves up to labour in this lazaretto of disease, this prison-house of crime, this pandemonium of sin, vice, and misery, in order that they may rescue, heal, and save some of its wretched, miserable, guilty inmates, surely those who stand looking on in the pleasant world without, should be willing right cheerfully to send us wherewith to carry on the work of mercy.

As already intimated, we are thrown wholly upon God and his people for the support of this Mission. Though often reduced to great straits, and our faith at times severely tried, hitherto the Lord has always undertaken for us, and we believe He will continue to do so. The Balance Sheet at the close of the Report will show that during the past year £4,397 has been received for all the purposes of the Mission; and perhaps we may be allowed to state that every penny of this money has been spent in the most economical manner and in real missionary enterprise. The official and general management of the Mission costs a comparatively trifling sum; the secretary being the only paid agent in this department of the work, and even he has the very important charge of "*The Children's Mission.*"

We invite our friends to

COME AND SEE FOR THEMSELVES.

At any date, if they will write to us beforehand, we will arrange for some one to accompany them to any of our stations, or introduce them to any of the persons referred to in this Report. Many of our friends have done this, and we cannot but feel gratified and grateful that their testimony has been uniformly to the effect that it is a genuine work of God, far exceeding in magnitude and interest the expectations created respecting it by what they had read and heard beforehand. Of these testimonies we cannot help referring to that which is appended by the Editor of "The Christian" to the preface of this report.

THE FUNDS.

The wishes of friends respecting the appropriation of their offerings and the exigencies of the mission, have led us to form the following separate funds.

FUND FOR THE GENERAL SPIRITUAL WORK.

This money is applied to the salaries of evangelists, the rents of theatres, halls, and the general expenses of Mission work.

THE BUILDING FUND.

With this we assist stations to secure halls for themselves, and so save the *enormous outlay required to rent them*. We only propose to erect the *simplest and plainest structures*. Four unplastered walls, with ceiling and floor, doors and windows, a few forms, and a platform, are all we desire. Whenever a people want a place, they will gladly raise some little among themselves and their neighbours, and with this fund we propose to help them to the attainment of their object. Then, instead of all their little offerings being swallowed up in rent, they will be in a position to bear their full share of the working expenses, and to plant the Mission banner in some adjacent neighbourhood as dark as their own. The property thus acquired will be legally settled in trust for this kind of work for ever.

FUND TO ASSIST DESTITUTE SAINTS.

With this we assist the members of the Lord's household when in affliction and adversity.

GENERAL POOR FUND.

With this we help the poor indiscriminately, the only conditions being want and misery, striving to help those first who need it most, giving therefore always the preference to the afflicted.

OUR OWN SUPPORT.

This topic having been noticed in former reports, seems to call for a passing remark here. As stated on former occasions, the fund for this purpose has never been taken out of the moneys contributed for the support of the mission, a few of our personal friends having united to sustain us independently of the work. The necessity for this generous arrangement has, however, we are thankful to say, all but ceased. The Master, in His loving providence, having opened a way, by which we have reason to believe our need will be supplied altogether independent of our ministerial and evangelistic work. Thus we anticipate the great privilege of laying ourselves out for God and the salvation of men, as freely and as fully as ever, although in no way chargeable to His people.

HOW OUR FRIENDS MAY HELP US.

Friends may help

BY PRAYING FOR THE MISSION.

Here we reiterate the request made in a former report. Brethren, pray for us. Pray for the *workers*, that they may be men and women full of faith and of the Holy Ghost; for the *measures*, that they may be wisely designed and faithfully carried out; for the *preaching of the Gospel*, that it may be complete, truthful, and accompanied by the demonstration of the Spirit; for the *relief of the sick and poor*, that it may dispose them to seek God; and for *funds*, that the hearts of the rich may be opened to send money to carry on the work. Friends may assist

BY OFFERINGS IN MONEY

to meet the present outlay, and to assist in extending the work. Money may be sent by cheque or Post Office order to WILLIAM BOOTH, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, London, E.; or to the treasurer, N. J. POWELL, ESQ., 101, Whitechapel, London, E.; or contributions may be paid in to the account of the Christian Mission, at Messrs. DIMSDALE, FOWLER, & Co., Bankers, Cornhill, London, E.C. Small sums may be sent in Postage-stamps. Post Office orders should be made payable at the General Post Office.

BY OFFERINGS OF GOLD AND SILVER ORNAMENTS, JEWELLERY, ETC.

Many have valuable articles lying away utterly useless, of which we can readily dispose, and spend the proceeds in feeding and teaching the people.

BY FORWARDING CAST-OFF CLOTHING.

This is most acceptable. When too good or unsuitable for the very poor, we readily dispose of it to the best advantage, and expend the money in the purchase of what is required.

BY COLLECTING AMONG THEIR FRIENDS.

Neat collecting cards, brief summaries of the work, for general circulation, and copies of this Report for contributors; also

SMALL POLISHED OFFERING BOXES

suitable for the sideboards of our friends, will be gladly forwarded, free, to any address, on application.

BY MAKING THE MISSION KNOWN.

There are many who would regard it a privilege to help this work were they aware of its existence and character. Some of our friends, having been informed of the issue of this Report, have, unsolicited, subscribed for a number for private circulation. We shall be happy to supply our readers with any quantity, for this purpose, at half-price.

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT.

What shall we say, then, of the work we have striven to describe, but that it is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes. Five years and a half ago this Mission had no existence. It was commenced by one individual, a perfect stranger to the teeming thousands among whom he took his stand, not knowing who would lend a hand or give a farthing, and left almost at the outset without a building in which to hold a meeting. It has been carried on without any guarantees for expenditure, and without the patronage or recommendation of any society. It has had to encounter constant persecution, and has been *everywhere spoken against*. AND YET IT HAS PROSPERED. Strangers have ministered to its funds, and the common people have flocked gladly around its banner. It has now twenty-five preaching stations, twenty persons devote their whole time to it, and the number of those who labour in it according to their opportunity is legion. It conducts over 10,000 services per year, out doors and in; and thereby the Gospel has been preached to hundreds of thousands, multitudes of whom would not otherwise have heard it. In connection with its services there have been, since its commencement, many thousands who have not only been anxious, but, by coming out, have confessed themselves penitent. In connection with its varied branches, hundreds who were formerly drunkards, thieves, liars, atheists, blasphemers, secularists, adulterers—in short, sinners of every grade, washed, clothed, and in their right minds, are now walking in the ways of truth and righteousness. Numbers, saved through its instrumentality, are in different parts of the kingdom or in distant lands, while many, thank God! are safely landed in heaven. It has ministered to the wants of the destitute members of the Lord's family, and to the poor whose only claim upon it was starvation and misery, having clothed the naked, fed the hungry, and stretched out a helping hand in various ways to those that were ready to perish; while it is still going forth to occupy other fields of usefulness. And for every sinner awakened—for every soul washed in the precious blood—for every despairing heart filled with peace—for every miserable home made happy—yea, for all the good that has been accomplished—we ascribe all the

GLORY AND WISDOM AND THANKSGIVING
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AND POWER AND MIGHT UNTO
GOD
FOR EVER. AMEN.

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GENERAL WORK.

	£	s.	d.
A. C.	0	10	0
Admans, G. Esq. collected by	3	2	0
Agassiz, Capt.	0	10	0
Alcock, Mr	1	0	0
Anon.	5	0	0
Ditto	0	5	0
An Old Disciple	40	0	0
An Old Soldier	0	5	0
Anthony, Mr	0	5	0
Arnold, Mrs	1	0	0
A. S.	10	0	0
A Servant	0	5	0
A Thank-offering	1	0	0
Atkinson, W. Esq.	3	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	3	0	0
A. Z.	1	0	0
Baalham, Robt. Esq.	2	0	0
Bacon, J. C. Esq.	10	0	0
B. D., Labry	0	5	0
Bagster, Mrs	1	3	0
Ball, W. Esq.	2	2	0
Ditto (2nd don.)]	10	0	0
Banks, J. B. Esq.	1	1	0
Bannatyke, Mr	1	12	0
Barnett, Mr	1	0	0
Barnstaple	2	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	1	0	0
Barrow, Lady	0	5	0
Barton, Mr J.	0	7	0
Basket, Mr	7	0	0
Bassett, Miss	5	0	0
Baxter, Mrs	1	0	0
Bazelt, C. Esq.	2	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	3	0	0
Beddow, Mrs	1	0	0
Bedwell, H. Esq.	2	2	0
B. G., Brigg	0	10	0
Billups, Mrs (by box)	0	6	0
Bird, John, Esq.	0	10	0
Blackwood, S. A. Esq.	1	0	0
Blencowe, Miss	1	0	0
Bligh, Rev. E. V.	2	10	0
Bogg, Mrs	0	5	0
Boone, Mrs	2	10	0
Bosanquet, S. Esq.	2	2	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	2	2	0
Ditto (3rd don.)	2	2	0
Ditto (4th don.)	2	2	0
Bovis, Mr James	2	2	0
Bowen, H. Esq.	1	1	0
Braby, F. Esq.	2	2	0
Bradford, Mrs	1	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	5	0	0
Ditto (3rd don.)	1	0	0
Braithwaite, C. B. Esq.	1	0	0
Bray, the Misses	10	0	0
Briscoe, J. J. Esq.	20	0	0
Broome, R. T. Esq.	0	10	6
Broomhead, Mrs	3	19	0
Brown, Mrs	2	0	0
Budd, Geo. Esq.	1	0	0
Buels, Mrs	1	0	0
Burgess, Mrs	1	0	0
Burrows, Mr	3	0	0
Burman, Mr. F.	0	10	0
Burnley, H. F. Esq.	5	0	0
Butler and Tanner, Messrs.	1	0	0
Burnett, Mr C.	0	5	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	0	5	6
C.	5	0	0
Cadby, J. P. Esq.	2	0	0
Camp, Mr (by card)	0	6	1
Campbell, G. W. Esq.	1	1	0
Capel, J. Esq.	5	5	0
Capper, Mrs	5	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	2	0	0
Carmont, Mr D.	1	0	0
Carmont, Mr. S.	0	10	0
Carter, Mr	0	5	0
Cassell, Mrs	0	10	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	2	0	0
Cash, Mrs	6	0	0
Cash (collected by)	0	5	0
C. F.	0	5	0
Chamberlain, Mr	0	10	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	0	5	0
Ditto (3rd don.)	0	5	0
Ditto (4th don.)	0	5	0
Ditto (5th don.)	0	10	0
Chapman, Mr	5	5	0
Charlton, Robt. Esq.	5	5	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	1	0	0
Chance, J. H. Esq.	0	10	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	2	0	0
Charrington, the Misses	5	0	0
C. H. W.	0	5	0
Chivers, Mr	2	0	0
Chivers, Jonathan, Esq.	0	15	0
Chilcott, Miss	0	8	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	0	5	0
Christian, Mrs	0	16	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	2	2	0
Clarke, Herbert, Esq.	0	7	6
C. L. W.	1	0	0
Collinson, Miss			
Collection at Service held at Dabry by C. Owen, Esq.	1	10	0
Cory, R. Esq.	5	0	0
Crapper, Miss	1	0	0
Crookes, G. W. Esq.	2	0	0
Crowley, F. Esq.	5	0	0
Curzon, Lady	10	0	0
Dalmas, Mr St.	0	5	0
Dandridge, Mrs	1	0	0
Death, Miss	0	19	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	0	4	0
Death, Woodham, Esq.	3	0	0
D. F.	0	12	0
Dereham, Mr	0	10	0
Dewe, Miss	0	6	0
Digby, G. W. Esq.	10	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	25	0	0
Dixon, Mrs	0	5	0
Dodds, Mrs	0	10	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	0	5	0
Dorsett, Mr	0	5	0
Drescan, Mrs	2	0	0
Dugmore, John, Esq.	2	0	0
Dursey, Miss	0	5	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	0	5	0
Edwards, Miss	0	5	0
E. H.	0	10	0
Ellison, Mrs	1	1	0
Ellis, J. Esq.	1	0	0
E. L.	0	5	0
E. M. B.	2	10	0
E. M. L.	5	0	0
E. M. T.	0	8	0
E. P.	0	5	0
Esdaile, E. J. Esq.	3	0	0
Evans, Mrs	0	5	0
Evans, S. Esq.	5	0	0
F. A. B., Hastings	0	10	0
Falkner, Mrs	0	5	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	0	5	0
Falwasser, the Misses	1	0	0
Field, Mrs	0	5	0
Feltham, Miss	5	0	0
Ferguson, Mrs	0	5	0
Field, Col. C.B.	2	10	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	3	0	0
Foster, Mrs	1	1	0
Forster, Miss	0	5	0
Fowler, W. Esq. M.P.	5	0	0
Fox, Mrs	1	1	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	3	9	0
Fison, C. Hy. Esq.	5	0	0
France, Mrs	0	5	0
Friend	2	0	0
Ditto	1	10	0
Ditto	1	0	0
Ditto	1	0	0
Ditto	1	0	0
Ditto	0	10	0
Ditto	0	10	0
Ditto	0	10	0
Ditto	0	10	0
Ditto	0	10	0
Ditto	0	10	0
Ditto	0	10	0
Ditto	0	10	0
Ditto	0	7	0
Ditto	0	5	0
Ditto	0	5	0
Ditto	0	5	0
Ditto	0	5	0
Ditto	0	5	0
Ditto	0	5	0
Ditto	0	5	0
Ditto at Dabry	0	5	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	0	5	0
Ditto (3rd don.)	0	10	0
Ditto, per *Christian World*	0	5	0
Ditto, per Miss Carver	0	10	0
Ditto, per Miss L.	0	10	0
Ditto at Havant	0	9	0
Friends at Morriston	0	13	0
Ditto at Westbury-on-Trym	0	10	6
Ditto, per Rev. T. H. Terry	0	5	0
Fulton, Mrs	0	5	0
G.	1	0	0
Garnett, Miss	0	10	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	0	5	0
Ditto (3rd don.)	0	5	0
Getty, John, Esq.	5	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	10	0	0
G. F.	0	5	0
Gibson, Mrs G. W.	10	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	10	0	0
Ditto (3rd don.)	10	0	0
Gibbins, W. B. Esq.	10	0	0
Gillespie, Mr	1	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	1	0	0
Giles, Mrs	0	10	0
Gingell, Jas. Esq.	10	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	5	0	0
Ditto (3rd don.)	5	0	0
Glenny, Ed. Esq.	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Glenny E. Esq (2nd don.	1	0	0
Ditto (3rd don.)			
Gloholm, Mr	1	0	0
Godfrey, Dr.	0	10	0
Gore, Mr L	1	0	0
Gosse, P. H. Esq.	1	1	0
Greenhill, W. E. Esq.	1	0	0
Griffiths, Chas. Esq.	2	2	0
Habbington, A. F. Esq.	5	0	0
Hadwell, H. Esq.	2	0	0
Hall, Mrs Bernard	0	5	0
Hamilton, Miss	5	5	0
Harris, Miss E.	0	5	0
Haviland, F. G. Esq.	1	0	0
Hawkins, Miss	0	10	0
Heath, Miss	0	7	6
Heales, Mrs	5	0	0
Higgs, Mrs	2	10	0
Hepper, Mr	5	0	0
Hodgson, W. H. Esq.	0	5	0
Hobart, Hon. Mrs	5	0	0
Holyer, Mrs	3	0	0
H. M. M.	0	5	0
Hood, Mrs Jacomb	0	5	0
Hope, Miss	5	0	0
Horn, Mr G. T.	0	5	0
Howard, Hon. C.	0	10	6
H. P. C.	50	0	0
Hudson, Mr	2	0	0
Hughes, Mrs	1	0	0
Huish, Mr	2	0	0
Hunt, Mrs	0	5	0
Huntley, J. Esq.	1	0	0
Hudson, Miss	5	0	0
	2	0	0
In memory of a beloved Father	1	1	0
J. A. B.	2	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	0	5	0
Ditto (3rd don.)	0	5	0
Ditto (4th don.)	0	5	0
Ditto (5th don.)	0	5	0
Ditto (6th don.)	0	5	0
Ditto (7th don.)	0	5	0
Ditto (8th don.)	0	5	0
Jackson, Jas. Esq.	5	0	0
J. C., Bombay	0	10	6
Jameson, Mrs	1	0	0
Jay, Mr	1	0	0
Jennings, Mrs	1	0	0
Jessop, Mrs	0	5	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	0	5	0
Jupe, M. Isaiah, Esq.	10	0	0
Kelly, Miss	0	5	0
Kilner, J. T. Esq.	0	10	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	2	0	0
Kerr, Mrs E. Seton	2	0	0
Keys, Mrs	0	10	6
Ditto (2nd don.)	0	10	6
Kidd, Dr.	10	10	0
Kiley, Miss	0	10	0
Kirby, Col.	1	0	0
Kirkham, G, Esq. per	5	0	0
L.	1	10	0
Lander, R. S. Esq.	2	2	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	0	10	0
Lappett, Miss (col. by)	0	5	3
Law, Miss	4	0	0
Layton, Miss	2	0	0
Leaf, W. Esq.	10	0	0
L. C. H.	2	0	0
Lightfoot, Mr	1	0	0
L. H.	1	0	0
Long, Miss D. Tylney	10	0	0
Lowe, Miss	1	0	0
L. W.	5	0	0
Lyell, D. Esq.	1	0	0
	0	10	0
McBain, Miss	2	2	0
McGill, Dr.			

	£	s.	d.
McLaren, Jas. Esq.	1	0	0
Maitland, W. Fuller, Esq.	2	0	0
Malcolm, Mr	0	5	0
Mallett, Rev. F. H.	3	0	0
Marsh, Mrs. Tilson	0	5	0
Marsh, Miss	0	6	0
Martin, H. S. Esq.	0	10	0
Marten, Mr	1	0	0
Marsden, Mr I.	1	0	0
May, Chas. Esq.	1	0	0
May, R. Esq.	1	0	0
Melrose, Jno. Esq.	5	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	10	0	0
Middleton, Mr J. C.	10	0	0
M. O. B.	1	0	0
Mobbs, Mr	2	0	0
Montague, Major	0	10	0
Money, Mrs Wigram	0	10	0
Morgan, Miss	10	0	0
Morris, W. Esq.	5	0	0
Morry, Mr	1	0	0
M. N.	0	5	0
Moss, Sidney K. Esq.	1	0	0
Moser, John, Esq.	5	0	0
Mountain, Mrs	10	10	0
	0	5	0
Nash, C. Esq.	2	2	0
Nash, Miss	2	2	0
Nash, Master A.	2	0	0
Newton, Mrs	5	5	0
Newenham, Mrs	0	7	0
Newbold, Jno. Esq.	2	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	2	2	0
Newland, Miss	5	0	0
Ditto for a friend	0	10	0
Norman, Miss	0	10	0
Northcroft, H. F. Esq.	1	0	0
	3	3	0
Oakes, Mrs	1	0	0
Ogle, Miss	5	0	0
Oldham, Miss	0	10	6
P. A.	50	0	0
Palmer, R. Esq.	1	0	0
Palmer, Mr	0	5	0
Parkin, Mrs	1	0	0
Paterson, Miss	0	5	0
Peache, Miss	10	0	0
Pearce, Mrs	0	5	0
Penny, Mrs	0	10	0
Perfect, Miss	0	10	0
Pollard, Wm. Esq.	10	0	0
Poole, Mrs	1	0	0
Poole, Miss E.	1	0	0
Poole, Mr	1	0	0
Prankey, Mrs	1	0	0
Pratt, Miss	0	5	0
Pritchard, T. D. Esq.	1	0	0
Pringle, Mrs	1	0	0
Prior, E. Esq.	1	0	0
Pryor, Mr J. J.	0	5	0
Ramsey, Mr J.	1	0	0
Ramsey, Mrs	1	0	0
Rawson, Mr	0	5	0
R. E.	5	0	0
Reed, Miss	5	0	0
Recknell, Miss	1	0	0
Reid, J. E. Esq.	0	10	0
Reid, Mrs F.	1	0	0
Reid, Mrs	0	11	0
Ricknell, Miss	0	10	0
Rintone, Mr	0	5	0
Roberts, Mrs (col. by)	1	10	0
Ross, Rev. J.	1	0	0
Rowland, Mr	1	0	0
Rutherford, Mr	0	12	0
Saddington, S. Esq.	2	0	0
Sawyer, Jas. Esq.	1	0	0
Servants at Dunorlan	0	10	0
Shanks, Mr	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Sherbrooke, Lieut.	1	0	0
Shorman, Mr	0	5	0
Slade, Mrs	0	5	0
Slader, Mrs	0	10	0
S. H. S.	1	0	0
Smith, Mr Thos.	0	10	0
Smith, Mr	1	5	0
Smith, Mrs	0	10	0
Spink, J. Esq.	10	10	0
Ditto, per	1	0	0
Sperling, Jno. Esq.	10	0	0
Stable, Miss	5	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	2	10	0
Ditto (3rd don.)	3	0	0
Stackhouse, Mrs	0	5	0
Stewart, R. Esq.	20	0	0
Stirling, Lady	2	0	0
Stocker, Mrs	0	10	0
Strange, Mrs	1	0	0
Sturt, Lady C.	2	0	0
South, Lieut.-Col.	0	10	0
Squires, Mrs	0	5	0
Sutton, Martin Hope, Esq.	2	10	0
Swanson, Mrs	2	2	0
Swinton, Miss	2	0	0
Taylor, Mrs	2	0	0
Temple, Miss	2	0	0
Thomas, Mrs E.	2	0	0
Thomas, Miss	0	5	0
Thomas, Mrs	2	10	0
Thomas, W. Esq.	2	2	0
Thomas, Mrs	2	0	0
Thompson, Mrs	5	0	0
T. L. B. H.	10	0	0
Tucker, Miss	5	0	0
Turner, Mrs	1	0	0
Two Friends at York	1	0	0
United Kingdom Alliance	4	4	0
Upward, Ed. J.	0	10	0
Virtue, Mr C.	0	10	0
Wakefield, the Misses	5	0	0
Walker, G. J. A. Esq.	2	0	0
Wauchope, Mrs	1	0	0
Ditto for friend	1	0	0
Ditto	0	10	0
Ward, Mr	0	5	0
Warren, Mrs	2	10	0
Webster, Mrs	0	10	0
Welhom, Mr	0	5	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	0	5	0
Wellington Heath (collected at)	0	9	6
Wellclose, Lady	0	10	0
Westbrook, Miss (by box)	0	5	1½
Whiting, Wm. Esq.	1	0	0
Wilkinson, Mr	0	5	0
Wilson, Miss	1	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	1	0	0
Williams, T. Esq.	3	0	0
Wilson, Mr	1	0	0
Wilson, Joseph, Esq.	20	0	0
Wimstone, Miss	1	0	0
Wippell, Rev. W.	5	0	0
Wistrope, Miss	1	0	0
Woodgate, Mrs	1	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	3	0	0
Worthington, H. Esq.	2	2	0
Wright, Mr	0	5	0
Wright, Mrs E.	0	10	0
Wright, Mrs	0	10	0
Wright, Mrs	0	5	0
Young, Mr	0	7	0
Sums under 5s.			6
	£1076	8	8½

GENERAL POOR.

	£	s.	d.
Admans, Mr	0	6	4
Alcock, Mr	0	5	0
Anon.	0	10	0
Arnold, Mr G. F.	0	6	0
Ball, Wm. Esq.	1	0	0
Bamber, Mrs	0	6	0
Barrett, Mr	0	5	0
Barlow, Jas. Esq.	2	10	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	1	11	6
Barron, F. Esq.	3	17	6
Burkett, Mr	0	5	0
Beddow, J. Esq.	0	8	6
Beddow, B. Esq.	0	10	0
Bengough, J. C. Esq.	1	0	0
Blaithwaite, Rev. R.	0	6	0
Booth, Mr J.	1	1	0
Bowden, Mr	0	5	4
Boyd, Mrs	0	15	0
Broomhead, Mrs	1	1	0
Brown, Mrs	0	5	6
Buchanan, Mr	0	6	0
Burman, Mr	0	5	0
Burrows, Major-Gen.	0	8	1
Byron, Mrs	0	7	0
Cameron, Miss	0	9	6
Cameron, Mrs	0	7	0
Carter, Mr	0	5	0
Carter, Mrs	0	7	6
C. C. B. M.	0	5	0
Charlton, R. Esq.	0	10	0
Cheyne, Mrs	0	5	6
Christie, Mrs	0	6	0
Combe, Mr F.	0	10	6
Cory, R. Esq.	2	0	0
Craig, Mr.	0	6	0
Crookes, G. W. Esq.	1	0	0
Curzon, Lady	1	0	0
Deane, Mrs	0	7	1
Dell, Mrs	0	5	0
Diaper, Miss F.	0	5	0
Dixon, Mrs	0	5	0
Dobbin's children, Mr	0	5	10
Drury, F. Esq.	1	1	0
Dugmore, Jno. Esq.	2	2	0
E. E. B.	0	6	0
E. M. B.	2	10	0
Emery, E. J. Esq.	5	0	0
Evans, Mr	0	5	0
Ewen, Mrs.	0	8	0
Feltham, The Misses	2	0	0
Fenton, Thos. Esq.	0	10	0
Friend	0	5	0
Ditto	0	9	6
Ditto	0	10	0
Ditto	0	5	6
Ditto	0	8	0
Ditto	0	15	6
Ditto	0	8	0
Ditto	0	9	0
Friend, per Rev. T. H. Terry	0	5	0
Fremlin, Mr	0	18	6
G.	1	0	0
Georgiana	0	17	6
Gibbins, Mrs	2	1	0
Gottlieb, G. F. Esq.	2	0	0
Greader, Miss	0	6	0
Grubb, J. Esq.	1	0	0
Hamilton, Mr Wm.	1	0	0
Harris, Miss E.	1	0	0
Herne, Mrs	0	10	0
Hill, Mrs	0	5	0
Hooper, John, Esq.	1	0	0
Hubbard, Mr	0	5	0
Huntley, Jos. Esq.	2	0	0
J. A. B.	0	10	0
Jenkins, Mr	0	5	0
Johnson, Mr	0	8	3
Jones, Mr J. J.	0	5	0
Kerrison, Miss	1	6	0
Kickensend, Mrs.	0	5	0
Kilner, Thos. J. Esq.	0	10	0
Kirby, Mrs	0	10	0
Kirby, Col.	1	0	0
Letchworth, Mr	0	10	0
Lumley, Ed. Esq.	1	2	0
L. W. B.	0	8	9
Macey, Mrs	0	10	0
Malcolm, Mr W.	0	10	0
Mallett, Mrs	0	5	0
Marsden, Mr I.	0	5	0
Martin, J. and L.	0	10	0
Melville, Mrs	4	0	0
Morgan, Chase, & Scott, Messrs. per	26	10	0
Millard, Mr	0	7	0
Mobbs, Mr	1	0	0
Moser, John, Esq	1	1	0
M. N. M.	1	0	0
Norman, Mr	0	5	0
O. W.	1	1	0
Papillon, Major	0	8	6
Parkin, Mrs	0	6	0
Parkin, Miss S.	0	5	0
Peachey, Mrs	1	13	0
Pioneers	0	7	2
Poole, Mr	0	12	0
Porter, Mrs	0	10	0
Praen, Mr.	0	5	0
Powell, Mr G.	0	10	0
Prankerd, O. N. Esq.	0	10	6
Priestman, Mrs	0	5	0
Prior, Mrs	3	0	0
R. C. W.	1	14	9
Reid, Mrs	0	6	0
Richmond, Mrs	0	5	0
Rogers, Miss	0	11	0
Ross, Major	1	9	7
Rouse, Miss	0	8	0
S. A.	0	10	0
Sawyer, Mr	0	5	0
Servants at Dunorlan	0	11	6
Servants at Great Forest House	0	15	6
Sharpe and Terry, Messrs	2	2	0
Shepherd, Capt.	0	10	1
Singleton, Mrs	0	5	0
Slade, Hy. Esq.	0	6	0
Smith, Major	0	10	0
Smith, Mrs	0	6	0
Spink, Jno. Esq.	0	5	6
Thank-offering for family mercies	1	1	0
Spalding, H. B. Esq.	1	1	0
Stable, Miss	1	16	0
Stacken, Mr.	1	3	0
Stevenson, Mr	0	5	0
Tayler, Mr.	0	10	0
Thomas, Mr G.	0	6	6
Thomson, Miss	0	5	0
Thompson, Mrs	0	7	6
Tinmouth, Mrs. W. L.	0	5	0
Tucker, Joseph, Esq.	2	0	0
Warren, Mrs	5	0	
Welhom, Mr	0	5	0
W. D., Exeter	0	5	0
Wigg, Mr	0	8	2
Williams, Mr	0	10	0
Wild, Mrs	0	5	0
Wilson, Miss A.	1	0	0
Wittry, Mrs	0	11	0
Wood, Jno., Esq.	5	0	0
Woodgate, Mr.	0	5	0
Wright, Mrs	0	10	0
Wroughton, Mrs	1	1	3
Young, Mr Thos.	0	10	0
Young, Mr	1	1	0
Small Sums	21	18	10½
	£170	8	6½

SOUP KITCHEN.

	£	s.	d.
A. Mrs	0	5	0
Barclay, J. G. Esq.	10	0	0
Bassett, Miss	0	10	6
Bird, F. Esq.	1	1	0
Briscoe, J. J., Esq.	5	0	0
Do. for friend	5	0	0
Burnsby, Mrs.	0	10	6
Cassan, Capt.	0	10	6
C. L.	0	5	0
Cory, John, Esq.	20	0	0
Dawson, Mrs	1	0	0
Dundas, Mrs	1	1	0
Friend	0	10	0
Harwood, Mr. J.	1	11	9
Hill, Miss	2	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	2	0	0
J. C.	0	10	6
Kilvington, Miss	0	10	6
Monley, Mrs Wigram	2	2	0
Morgan, Mrs	1	5	0
Nicholl, Mrs	1	0	0
Pollard, Wm. Esq.	5	0	0
Polworth, Lord	4	4	0
Poole, Frank, Esq.	1	1	0
Saunders, Mrs.	0	10	6
Skey, Miss	1	0	0
Smith, Major	1	10	0
Smith, Miss	1	0	0
Trevelyan, Miss	1	1	0
Wilson, Miss A.	2	0	0
Ditto, 2nd donation	2	0	0
W. M.	0	10	6
Wright, Miss A.	0	5	0
Small Sums	0	7	0
	£77	2	3

DESTITUTE SAINTS.

	£	s.	d.
A. P.	10	0	0
A. P. C. America	50	0	0
Ashby, Thos. Esq.	5	5	0
Barnstaple	1	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	0	10	0
Bassett, Miss	3	3	0
Bradford, Mrs	1	0	0
Buxton, Lady Dowager	15	0	0
C. the Misses	2	10	0
Cannon, Mr	0	7	0
Cooper, Miss	3	10	0
Dennis, Mrs	2	0	0
E. O.	1	0	0
E. P.	0	5	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	1	0	0
Esdaile, E. J. Esq.	3	0	0
Freeman, Mrs.	1	10	0
Field, Col. C.B.	2	10	0
Ditto (2nd don.)	2	0	0
Friend	50	0	0
Friend	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Giles, Mrs - -	0	10	0
Gillespie, R., Esq. -	1	0	0
Harris, Miss E. -	0	10	0
Huntley, J., Esq. -	2	10	0
J. L. - - - -	2	0	0
J. S. R. - - -	0	5	0
Jameson, Mrs - -	1	0	0
Janson, Mrs - -	1	0	0
J. W. N. - - -	0	10	0
Kelly, Miss - -	0	6	0
Ditto (2nd don.) -	0	6	0
Ditto (3rd don.) -	0	5	0
Ditto (4th don.) -	0	4	0
Keer, Mrs. - - -	0	6	0
Kidd, Dr. - -	10	10	0
Lambert, Mrs. - -	5	0	0
Lardner, Mrs - -	1	0	0
Law, Miss - - -	1	0	0
MacBain, Miss - -	1	0	0
M'Innes, Mrs. - -	2	0	0
M'Gan, W. & E. - -	0	12	0
Morgan, Chase, & Scott, Messrs., per . -	34	10	6
Nash, Miss - - -	5	0	0
Newenham, Mrs -	1	0	0
Ditto (2nd don.) -	0	10	0
Pousch, Miss - -	0	5	0
Robertson, Miss -	0	5	0
Roper, Hy. Esq. -	0	10	0
Ditto (2nd don.) -	1	0	0
Sladen, Mrs. - -	0	10	0
Taylor, Mrs. - -	2	0	0
Tinmouth, Mrs. -	0	10	6
Welham, Mr. - -	0	5	0
Wright, Mrs E. -	0	10	0
Youn , Mr. - -	1	0	0
Small sums - -	7	16	9
	£244	16	9

NEW HALL FUNDS.

	£	s.	d.
An Old Disciple -	500	0	0
Anon - - - -	0	10	0
Arnold, Mrs - -	2	0	0
Babbs, Mrs - -	0	10	0
Barlow, Jas. Esq. -	25	0	0
Barnstaple - -	1	0	0
Barritt, Mrs. C. -	2	0	0
Baxter, Robt. Esq. -	100	0	0
Bevan, R. C. L. Esq. -	100	0	0
Booth, Rev. Wm. -	10	0	0
C. The Misses - -	2	10	0
Cavan, Earl of - -	10	0	0
Charrington, the Misses - - -	5	0	0
Chinhall, Mrs A. -	10	10	0
Cholmondeley, Ld. Hy.	25	0	0
Collected at a Mothers' Meeting at Cheltenham - -	0	7	7
Crispin, W. H. Esq ,-	15	15	0
Crossley, Sir F. .	10	0	0
Diaper, Miss - -	5	0	0
Elliott, Mrs Jno. S. -	5	0	0
Ellis, W. R. Esq. -	5	0	0
F. H. M. - – -	100	0	0
Freeman, A. L. Esq.	25	0	0
Friend at Stowmarket	0	10	0
Gibson, Mrs. W. G. -	25	0	0
Gosling, Mr - -	1	0	0
Gripper, Miss - -	2	0	0
Gripper, Miss M. -	2	0	0
Gripper, Miss M. S. -	2	0	0
Grover, Miss - -	7	0	0
Halliday, Mrs - -	1	0	0
Hayden, Miss - -	0	10	6
Howard, Hon. C. -	100	0	0
Interest on money deposited with the Temperance Permanent Building Society - - -	13	18	10
J. A. B. - - -	2	0	0
Lambert, Mr - -	0	11	0
Larking, W. Esq. -	50	0	0
Morgan and Chase, Messrs - - -	10	0	0
Morley, Saml. Esq. M.P. - - -	500	0	0
Morris, Mrs - -	3	0	0
Pollard, Miss - -	1	0	0
Powell, N. J. Esq. -	100	0	0
Reed, Mrs. - -	11	15	0
Sands, John, Esq. -	50	0	0
Scobell, Mrs - -	0	10	6
Shepherd, S. J. Esq.	10	0	0
Smithies, T. B. Esq. -	5	0	0
Tucker, J. Esq. -	20	0	0
Tyler, Rev. Wm. -	5	0	0
Wilson, Joshua, Esq	10	0	0
Other sums - -	5	8	9
	£1899	7	2

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the General Treasurer, for the time being, of the Society known as the Christian Mission established in Whitechapel in the year 1865 by the Rev. William Booth, and meeting at 272 Whitechapel Road, London, the sum of *to be paid by my executors, within months after my decease, out of such part only of my personal estate, as shall not consist of money secured on mortgage of lands or tenements, upon trust; to be applied in aid of the funds of the said Society, conformably to the Rules and Regulations thereof; and for which Legacy the receipt of the Treasurer, for the time being, shall be a sufficient discharge to my executors. Witness my hand, this day of 18

Signed, published, and declared by the said testator, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who at his request, in his presence and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses.

A. B.
C. D.

* If intended to be free from Legacy duty, insert the words, "free from the payment of Legacy duty, which I direct to be paid out of my personal estate."

CASH ACCOUNT OF THE CHRISTIAN MISSION,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING SEPT. 30, 1870.

GENERAL SPIRITUAL WORK.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To balance from Sept. 1869 ...	23	14	10¼	By rents and general working expenses of theatres, halls, and other stations	707	6	4½
Total offerings in subscriptions and donations ... £ 1076 8 ½				Salaries of evangelists and bible women	520	14	6
Offerings on the Mission 535 7 1	1611	15	9½	Stock for shop and bible carriage	95	16	6½
Sales of magazine, books, &c., in shops, bible carriage, &c. ...	136	4	3¼	Printing magazine, bills, advertising, postage, &c.	293	15	10
Amount overpaid	24	11	1	Travelling and petty cash ...	60	17	6
				Salary of secretary, rent and expenses of office	117	15	3
	£1,796	6	0		£1,796	6	0

DESTITUTE SAINTS' FUND.

To total offerings	244	16	9	By amount overpaid, Sept. 1869 ...	31	15	11
				Relief given	176	9	9
				Balance in hand	36	11	1
	£244	16	9		£244	16	9

GENERAL POOR FUND.

To balance from Sept. 1869 ...	19	3	1	By relief given	172	7	10
Total offerings	170	8	6½	Soup distributed	80	15	0
Do. for soup distribution ...	77	2	3	Balance in hand	13	11	0½
	£266	13	10½		£266	13	10½

NEW HALL FUND.

To balance from Sept. 1869 ...	1290	13	10¾	By purchase of People's Market, alterations, &c.	3053	2	8
Total offerings	1899	7	2	Carriage of goods and expenses at public sales	74	19	11
Sale of goods at public sales ...	257	10	6	Removing and fitting-up soup-kitchen	45	8	0
				Balance in hand	274	0	11¾
	£3,447	11	6¾		£3,447	11	6¾

Audited and found correct,

JOSIAH BEDDOW, Public Accountant,
2, Gresham Buildings, Basinghall Street, E.C.

In addition to the £535 7*s.* 1*d.* named above, £328 17*s.* 9½*d.* has been contributed in offerings at the different halls, and spent in rent, gas, and other incidental expenses at the different stations, making a total of £864 4*s.* 10½*d.* contributed by the poor people themselves.

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